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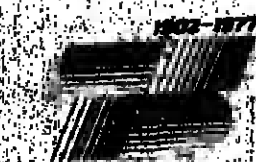
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*yours
generation after
generation*

Bank Leumi  **בנק לאומי**
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* There are customers who hold more than one account with us.

E. TAL ADV

THE JERUSALEM
POST
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FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1977

Pessah 5737



הכרזת מלחמה

Leumi

We Are One



As we celebrate Passover,
we renew our dedication
to the vision of a life
of freedom and
dignity for all our people.

UNITED JEWISH APPEAL

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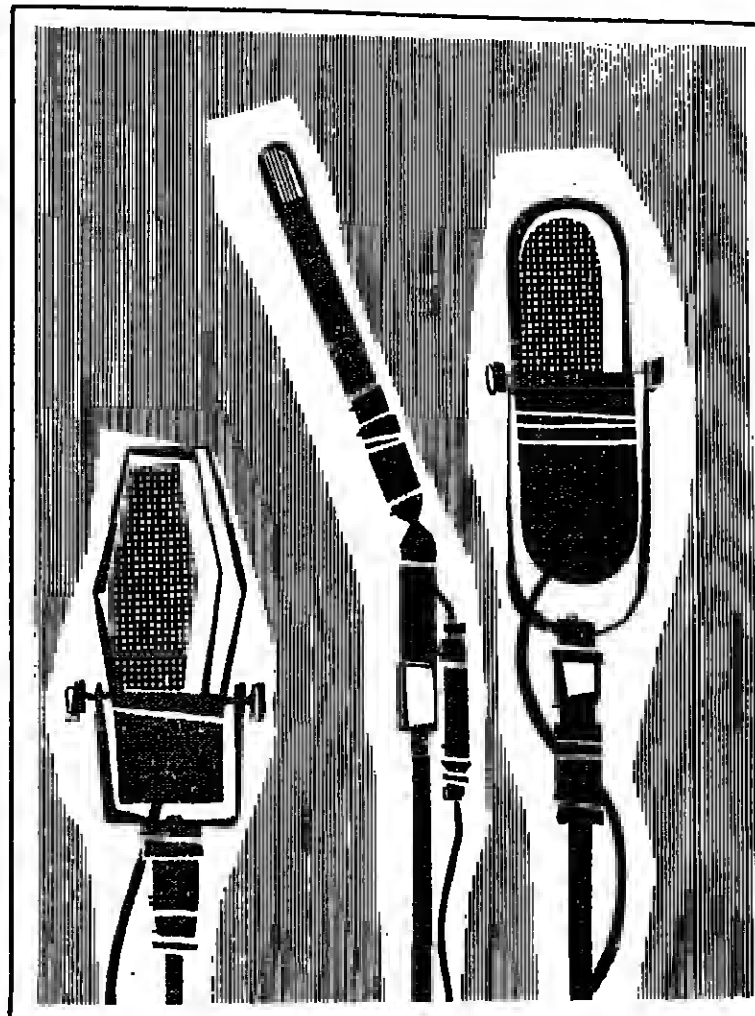
Irving Bernstein
Executive Vice Chairman

Chaim Vinitsky
Director General, UJA, Israel



هكذا من الأصل

REINFORCED OBFUSCATION



preserve leadership capable of persuading large sectors of the population to adopt essential self-restraint and imposing controls on the recalcitrant minority.

Articulating such a view, it is universally felt in the political community, is as sure a formula as one could think of for losing votes.

One of the proposals for structural reform has already had an initial try out, with spotty results. The DMC, true to its promises, has selected its Knesset list by means of a "super-democratic" system whereby its total membership directly elected and ranked all its representatives. It would be fatuous to claim that this exercise in democracy has served to enhance the new party's image in the eyes of its potential electorate or that the results have brought to the fore more impressive candidates than could have been expected from the traditional and less "democratic" nominating processes.

It is similarly difficult to point to any major, or minor, breakthrough resulting from the "democratization" of the candidate selection process in the Labour Party. Or in the ILP or the NRP for that matter.

Judging by media reactions to all these dramatically competitive events, it would seem that the pragmatic Israelis are more concerned with actual results than with the procedures through which they are obtained.

In the background of all this confusion, several points stand out with growing clarity: the personalities of the party leaders will focus on the process of forming a government. Post reporter YOSSEI GOELL takes advantage of the Pessah breathing-space to review the campaign so far and to consider its progress during the weeks that remain.

The Likud, the most conservative party in this regard in the past, is apparently relying on professional public relations service to mount a full-page advertising campaign, rare for its in-analities, stressing that it, and alone, holds forth any prospect of change.

Even the Independent Liberals and the National Religious Party have braved the dangers of internal warfare to mount largely new lists for the Knesset.

The question of change from what seems to be suddenly so clear to all our politicians that it is not even worthy of debate. Change from everything that has bedeviled Israel in these trying years. The question of change is what has proven so potentially embarrassing to these same politicians that every attempt has been made to discourage campaigning around real issues.

THE FAILURE to take clear stands on major domestic issues is even more apparent. The debate on these has been alternating between support for motherhood and apple-pie issues, such as reducing the economic gap, and proposals for structural changes in the electoral system, the inner workings of the party mechanisms, and streamlining the Cabinet, which are of marginal importance at best.

The crisis in domestic affairs and in national self-confidence stems from the entire population, which, lacking determined and effective leadership, has constantly taken the wrong course at critical junctures. Bringing us all back to social and economic sanity is a superhuman task requiring an im-

peccable leadership capable of persuading large sectors of the population to adopt essential self-restraint and imposing controls on the recalcitrant minority.

The Likud is just as bedeviled by the personality of Menachem Begin. Of the three effective pretenders to the premiership, he is the only truly charismatic figure. The trouble is that the experience of 28 years and eight campaigns has tended to indicate that Begin's charisma repels more voters than it attracts. The Likud's strategy is thus being based on a PR campaign which mutes Begin's personality and stresses the Likud as the only large party realistically able to bring about the change that the electorate yearns for.

Yadin has so far not succeeded in projecting himself to the electorate as a potential prime minister and remains an enigma, and, what is particularly worrying to the DMC, a puzzle enigma, at that. This is due partly to the narrow involvement of the DMC in its internal processes, but one of the major points to watch during the coming seven weeks will be whether, and how, Yadin does come over.

THE PUBLIC OPINION polls being conducted for three Hebrew dailies differ in their detailed findings but agree on the prospect of a three-sided race between the Alignment, the Likud and the DMC, with the other parties becoming smaller than ever.

The importance of this prediction, regardless of the exact results of the elections, is that it changes the possibilities of coalition-building after May 17. In the past, election results have always made it impossible to form a coalition without Labour; and since the parameters of Labour has always rounded out its coalition-building after May 17 will change.

THE ACTUAL MAKE-UP and ranking of candidates on the parties' lists are of vital importance to the candidates themselves, their families and friends and immediate hangers-on. The electorate at large, and especially the unprecedentedly large floating vote, will be swayed to a very large extent by an assessment of the personalities of Yitzhak Rabin, Menachem Begin and Yigael Yadin, and the very few men in the top leadership positions immediately behind them.

All these men are problematic to their respective election managers. There is hardly a person in the Alignment who does not consider the Rabin Government's performance over the past three years a disappointment, to resort to an extreme understatement. It is difficult to remember another case in which a new government began its term in an atmosphere of such universal goodwill only to have frittered it away by poor leadership and internal disension.

The Alignment's campaign will accordingly resort to a strategy of comparison: Rabin is not perfect but is certainly to be preferred to the threat of a Begin or the dangers of an untied Yadin. Besides which, the argu-

A happy Passover to us all. □

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THE ELECTION campaign for the Ninth Knesset has been going full force for over three months now, with less than seven weeks to go, and it is becoming more and more difficult to put one's finger on what it is all about.

One thing it is all about, of course, is a naked fight for power and the division of the spoils that go with victory. But Israeli political culture, a subdivision of the Jewish one, has always shied away from lewdly naked Greco-Roman wrestling in the political arena. The fight for power must be properly clothed in the raiments of ideology and issues. In this election, as a continuation of the trend set in the last two, ideology has disappeared except for its vague sloganeering skeletons, and issues have become vague and muddled — in some cases, intentionally.

One problem is the bone-wearying and attention-eroding length of the campaign. The Knesset Election Law sets the date for normal elections on a Hebrew date some time between the end of October and the middle of November. Assuming an early September return from summer vacations, this has meant a two to two-and-a-half month campaign — even shorter if one subtracts the intervening high holy days.

The present five-month campaign was determined by Prime Minister Rabin's tactic of an early resignation, ostensibly over the issue of the *sevu Shabbat* arrival of Israel's first F-15s (who still remember that bit of arcane political history?). One effect of such an inordinately long political competition is that one's attention tends to wander from the main purpose and to focus on the ephemeral aspect of it all: which teams are scoring points; who is replacing whom on the field; and finally, who has won? The question of its purpose and, even more important, what it will all lead to, recedes into some vague limbo.

THE PARTIES themselves reinforce the obfuscation. Change is the catchword. The Democratic Movement for Change has become, in the space of four months, an unprecedented phenomenon in Israeli politics, building itself up from zero to the position of a major contender for power on the strength of its espousal of the catchword.

As slouches themselves, the traditional opposition party, the Likud, and the hoary government party, the Alignment, have also felt constrained to genuflect before this goddess. All the parties, large and small, have been engaged in a frenetic competition to gain possession of this elusive factor, which soothsayers promise will guarantee victory on March 17.

The DMC has incorporated the principle of change in its very name. The Alignment is all set to field a Knesset list intricately engineered to include the new faces of professional young leaders, professional women (no *double entendres* intended), professional Sephardim and professional representatives of development areas so as to bring about at least a 50 per cent change in the realistic part of its Knesset list, if not among its prospective ministers.

The Likud, the most conservative party in this regard in the past, is apparently relying on professional public relations service to mount a full-page advertising campaign, rare for its in-analities, stressing that it, and alone, holds forth any prospect of change.

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ing, business or any other use.

Be'el Hadir (apartment owner) — one in whose name the apartment is registered or a tenant who leases the apartment for more than twenty-five years.

The Constitution

The *bayit meshulaf* must be administered according to a constitution that has been registered in the *Tabu*, which stipulates the rights and obligations of apartment owners with regard to the cooperative. All present and future owners must abide by this constitution.

There is a standard constitution used by most cooperatively owned apartment buildings in Israel. You can check with the Land Registration Authority to see whether your building is registered with this constitution or a special one. It is wise to check this before buying a new apartment in case there are terms by which you would be unwilling to abide or which would affect the value of the property.

Apartment owners may draw up a new constitution or amend an existing one with the consent of the owners of two-thirds of the common property, provided that this does not infringe upon the rights of individual owners or thrust upon them, without their consent, obligations, charges or fees not specified in the law.

The General Assembly (*Asefa Klalit*)

The constitution sets forth the procedure for calling general meetings of all the apartment owners and when they should be called. If the meeting is not called according to the building's constitution, the Superintendent of the Land Registration Authority has the right to set a date on which the meeting will be held. (According to the standard constitution, a meeting must be called at least once a year.)

Generally, decisions that do not change the actual rights of apartment owners may be made according to a majority vote at the

general assembly. These include such things as use of common space (baby carriages in the stairwells, parking spaces, storage room, shelter, etc.) maintenance and acquisition of common property (cleaning, gardening, garbage cans, mailboxes, etc.) and use of common equipment (house of running central heating and/or hot water).

Each building must have a book in which all decisions legally made at the general meetings are recorded. All recorded decisions are incumbent upon all apartment owners, whether or not they participated in the general meeting, and whether they owned the apartment at that time or acquired it later. The house committee is responsible for implementing such decisions.

A resolution may be changed by a majority vote at a subsequent general meeting. A monthly tenant does not have the right to vote at general meetings of all the owners.

Can you vote if you are unable to attend a meeting? Yes, you may designate someone with the authority to represent you and vote for you.

The *Vaad Hebayit*

Each *bayit meshulaf* must have a representative body to run the affairs of the building, generally referred to as the *vaad hebayit* (house committee). It operates according to the building's constitution and attends to the day-to-day administration of the building's affairs, implementing decisions made at the general meeting. It represents all the property owners in all matters dealing with the normal administration of the *bayit meshulaf*, and is authorized to negotiate, enter into contracts and represent the owners in a court of law.

Division of Common Expenses

The division of expenses for cleaning and maintenance, and the acquisition of new equipment is clearly set forth by law. The rate of payment of each owner is to be

based on the amount of floor space in his apartment (not taking into consideration the area of balconies and outside walls, unless the building's constitution stipulates some other determining factor, such as payment in proportion to the number of rooms, reditors or equal payment for all owners).

What common expenses should you expect to pay through your *vaad hebayit*? These usually include the regular cleaning of the building entrance and stairwell, shelter, common storage area, the garbage cans, upkeep of the garden, electricity in the common area, maintenance of central heating and central hot water system, elevators, etc. You should also be prepared for occasional expenses for such things as tarring the roof, painting the outside walls, changing of mailboxes, intercom, etc.

The *vaad hebayit* is authorized (by the general assembly) to determine expenditures, hire and fire workers and purchase whatever is necessary; these decisions of course, are subject to a majority vote of the property owners. Remember, an individual owner who feels dissatisfied with services, or that an expense is too high, cannot refuse to pay. He can however request that the *vaad hebayit* look into the matter at its next meeting.

The *Agudah L'Tarbut Hadur* publishes detailed information and maintains an advisory service for property owners of cooperatively owned buildings. Their offices are at the following addresses:

Main Office: He'agudah L'Tarbut Hadur, Mazar Heshikun, HaKiryat, Tel Aviv, 13 Rehov Gimel.
Jerusalem: He'agudah L'Tarbut Hadur, 7 Rehov Hehavitzelet.
Southern Office: He'agudah L'Tarbut Hadur, Be'er Sheva, Commercial Center.
Haifa: 41 Derech Ha'atmaut
Northern Office: P.O.B. 884, 301/8 Rehov Hahermon, Upper Nazareth (M.O.)

ALYAH & ABSORPTION INFORMATION COLUMN

Successful absorption is a key to increased aliyah. The Ministry of Immigrant Absorption and the Jewish Agency are presenting this column as part of a series of articles designed to provide olim with information in various fields: practical advice, reports on changes in regulations, employment and housing opportunities, and stories of olim now absorbed. It is obvious that the column will not be aimed at the same reader each time. The column is written by a staff of freelance writers, most of them olim. The views they hold are their own.

We are hoping that enough interest in this effort will be generated to encourage reader response, which will allow us to tailor the content to demand.

It is not our intention to receive and reply to specific complaints of olim, but we will select problems encountered as subjects for future articles.

HOUSING IN ISRAEL

Part III

Most new immigrants find that living in a cooperatively-owned apartment building (*bayit meshulaf*) involves a major adjustment. If you reside in or are interested in buying an apartment in a *bayit meshulaf* — by far the most common form of housing in Israel — you would do well to become familiar with the laws regarding registration and administration of cooperatives.

A great deal of cooperation between apartment owners is required to manage the financial affairs involved in the proper use and upkeep of common property and to protect the rights of each individual owner while not infringing on those of others. An awareness of the laws regarding the management of the *bayit meshulaf* can do much to lead to peaceful coexistence (*shelom bayit*) among neighbours — a crucial in enabling you to live comfortably in your own home.

The Real Estate Act of 1989 provides instructions for the ad-

ministration of cooperatively-owned apartment buildings and the basis for determining the rights and responsibilities of apartment owners.

Bayit Meshulaf — a building which has two or more apartments and is registered in the official registry (called *Tabu*) for *batim meshulafim* with the Land Registration Authority.

Rechush Meshulaf (cooperatively-owned or common property) — all sections of the *bayit meshulaf* except those registered as apartments; especially the land, roofs, outside walls, foundation, stairways, elevators, shelters, central heating or hot water equipment, etc. that are used by all apartment owners or the majority of them even if the common property is located within a specific apartment (as in the case of certain pipes).

Dira (apartment) — a room, or a suite of rooms which are intended to be used as a separate dwell-

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הגדה של פסח

THE MOUNTAINS of southern Sinai are perhaps a little less imposing than the Himalayas, the Bedouin a bit more hospitable than some of the mountain tribesmen of the Hindu Kush; but there are challenges within a short drive of Elat of which most of us have never dreamed.

It was with a great deal of enthusiasm and little idea of what lay ahead that I joined a trek through the mountain range surrounding Santa Katerina, organized by Har-On Ltd., specialists in excursions for the truly adventurous.

The prospectus rang with names of which I had never heard: Wadi Baghabegha, Wadi Umm Secha, Jebel Tarhush, and a name I was to remember — Wadi Sik. Some small hint was provided by the terse statement: "Gear will be carried on camels and donkeys." The donkeys, it transpired, took over when it got too rough for the camels.

The beginning seemed tranquil enough. On the way to Santa Katerina — in four-wheel-drive vehicles — we stopped to view a few landmarks. Inscriptions left by earlier pilgrims included a stylized menorah with a tripod base, etched into the rock by a pious Jew.

We also stopped to look at the bronze age *nawami*, perfectly round burial chambers, their entrances all facing the same direction in catch the sun at the tell solstice.

Within a few hours, however, we saw the last of our wheeled transport. Leaving our gear to be loaded by the Beduin who were waiting for us at the Santa Katerina field school, we set off on a deceptively civilized-looking path.

THE trail ran alongside a series of miniature orchards, fed by mountain springs, some belonging to the monks of the monastery, others the property of the Jebalya Beduin tribe which lives in the area.

Tourist guides usually tell groups visiting Sinai that the Jebalya are descendants of slaves brought in the sixth century to serve the monks from what is now Rumania. But Salah, our Beduin guide, strongly disputed this theory.

He said his ancestors came from Europe and Egypt. They came as soldiers to guard this monastery, not as slaves.

As he talked, the path turned into what, at least, felt like a stiff climb. But as I panted along, a young woman trotting effortlessly beside me pointed out the flowers along the way, delicate, pale-blue alpine blossoms.

Luckily, just as I thought my strength would give out, we arrived at our night's resting place, a wadi watered by a clear spring, halfway up the mountainside.

Here we learned that we would be drinking the spring water of Sinai throughout our trek. Gadi Steinbach, one of the Har-On partners, assured us that this was far purer than anything we could get in the city, but it was hard for the 18 assorted Israelis and tourists of all ages to believe him.

None the less, faced with the alternative of going without water — with dire predictions as to possible results — we did drink the water and found it incredibly sweet and tasty. Moreover, throughout the trek, no one had even the slightest hint of a stomach complaint.

We pitched in to prepare the

SINAI

mountaineers

Climbing the peaks of the Mount Sinai range is an appropriate preparation for the festival of the Exodus. Haim Shapiro reports. Photo: Shlomo Dekel.



evening meal, which we shared, lukers and camel-drivers alike. The main dish, a huge pot of meat, rice and vegetables, was cooked by Salah.

The night was bitterly cold and I soon learned some of the tricks mountain-climbers use to keep warm. I wore my long underwear and I slept with my jacket wrapped around my feet. I was getting used to the wilderness.

I was so cold, I thought I would never get to sleep, but the next thing I knew I was waking to the sharp aroma of Turkish coffee. In deference to Steve Gault, the American partner in Har-On, we ate granola, a mixture of grains, nuts, raisins and honey, for breakfast. Steve, a mountain-climbing enthusiast, provided the know-how for some complicated manoeuvres we were to undertake a few days later.

THAT DAY began with more climbing, but after a few moments of trepidation, I found my muscles were a bit more limber. Soon we were stopping in a mountain pass in the shadow of Jebel Abbasbasha, named for an Egyptian ruler of the mid-16th century who set out to build a summer palace on its peak, possibly because he was asthmatic.

According to one story, the pasha placed a piece of meat on each peak in the area and chose the mountain on which it stayed fresh longest. A more prosaic account is that he chose the only mountain in the region not sanctified by religious tradition.

In any case, although he built a cart road all the way from A-Tur on the southern coast to the peak, Abbas was to die before his palace was completed. Its ruins are still visible.

The descent which followed gave proof that my legs had many muscles which I had not previously known about. But the sharp, rocky climb down soon transformed itself into a trail through a fertile mountain valley. The scent of herbs — anise, thyme, mint and others which I could not identify — was almost overpowering. As we walked, we chewed delicate stems of anise.

The mountain broadened out for a few hundred metres, making room for a fruit orchard owned by Salah. He told us that many years ago, the trees belonged to the monks. But one monk, soured by celibacy, drowned a girl who worked there, because she sang too much. In compensation, the monastery gave the orchard to his family.

This was only one of the many stories, riddles and off-colour jokes which Salah provided in a never-ending flow.

CLIMBING down, we came to a deep mountain pool, large enough to swim in for a few strokes. Disregarding the warnings, I jumped in, only to find that the water was icy and I could barely breathe. Pulling myself out on the other side, I realized to my chagrin that the only way back was through the water. After this exploit, lunch of sandwiches and hot coffee and tea was especially welcome.

A mercifully short walk brought us to our night's stop, an oasis with palm trees. Here the spring was surrounded with mint, which gave the water its aroma and added an incredibly fine flavour to our salad.

I decided to forgo the following day's climb of Jebel Tarhush, an

awesome peak resembling the traditional Turkish felt hat. The climb was hard, Gadi said, although he added that the week before they had made it with 62-year-old U.S. playwright William Gibson.

Instead, I followed the camel together with two other dropouts and Shlomo Dekel, the expedition's photographer. After the climbing of the previous days, the relatively short trek behind the slow-moving camels seemed like an idyllic stroll.

Shlomo, who has spent some eight years in Sinai, is a good friend of the Beduin, and his presence ensured us a warm welcome at the camp of Suleiman Atrash, who was to be our host that night. We gratefully drank glasses after glasses of tea and ate handfuls of small dates from the nearby trees.

RESTING during the afternoon, I mulled over my reasons for coming on the trek, which included a desire for exercise and a wish to get away from the pressures of everyday life. More than that, I am one of those people who feel compelled to see the inaccessible.

There, at a Beduin encampment high up in the hills of Sinai, I felt I had achieved my aim. I had not heard a radio since I began walking. I had sat around a fire, drinking tea with Suleiman Atrash. I had seen trees, rocks and mountains that few would ever see.

But it was only during the next two days of climbing that I realized just how unique my experiences would be. We began with a series of dry waterfalls. The easiest, indeed the only, way down was by rope. Each drop was a little more difficult and the third and last involved an overhang of some 22 metres. Absolutely terrified, I managed to lower myself to the bottom.

The following day, after easy tramping through a lush valley overgrown with bamboo shoots, we found ourselves facing a cliff on three sides. This was Wadi Sik.

The trail led along the face of the cliff, involving what Steve euphemistically called "a bit of exposure." I would have called it a sheer drop into an abyss.

Keeping my fear down to the level of mild terror, I managed to make my way along the side of the cliff — albeit attached to a belaying rope which, I was assured, would hold me if I fell. Needless to say, the prospect of hanging by a rope was only a little more appealing than the thought of a fall to the bottom.

As if to prove to me that edging along the cliff face was nothing, the rest of the day's climb turned out to be very difficult for me. Only the constant help of the others got me to the night's resting place — a windswept crevice in the mountain-top.

The return to Santa Katerina was a mere five hours of tough descent. The sight of civilization, in the form of the field school, toilets and a small cluster of shops run by the Beduin, brought a mixture of relief and nostalgia for the wilderness we had left.

As soon as my legs recover, I shall no doubt feel the urge to take another trek in Sinai. Har-On is counting on the fact that there are others like me, who want to work for what they see. The company, which runs excursions twice a month, may be contacted at POB 1848, Ramat Gan (tel. 03-785490). □

FALLING FLATTO

Samuel Flatto-Sharon, the financier whom the French want Israel to extradite, is offering himself as a candidate for the Knesset. He launched his one-man party at a press conference last week. PHILIP GILLON reports on the happening.

OUTSIDE Beit Sokolow, the journalists' house in Tel Aviv, is parked an enormous Cadillac Srougham, the only one of its kind, I suspect, in the country. Waves of excitement engulf me; if my suspicions prove to be correct, Sammy is already half-way to getting my vote. I mean to say, a man who has acquired a car like that deserves to be a leader in a socialist country dedicated to the austere principles of A. D. Gordon. When I ask the chauffeur whether the car is indeed Sammy's, he nods curtly and disdainfully.

Inside the building, a tall, handsome, sharply dressed man, so well-groomed that he could easily be cast for the part of a gangster's right-hand man in a Rockford thriller, is being very much photographed, together with a very glamorous brunette, who could easily be cast for a part in the same film. When the photographing comes to a temporary halt, Sammy and Mrs. Sammy lead the way for platoons of pressmen and presswomen up the stairs to a conference room.

As we troop inside, we find a bar, displaying bottles of Scotch and lesser beverages, together with plates of asparagus, apple and assorted sandwiches.

For some years now, we poor journalists have been trained to expect nothing better than orange juice or Russian tea at press conferences, an austerity which, we are told, is our contribution to rescuing the national economy. I know vaguely that Sammy Flatto-Sharon's programme includes saving the economy, and, if he can do it by serving Scotch to the press, he is by now three-quarters of the way towards getting that precious Gillon ballot.

We descend on the bar like our forefathers did on the manna. More and more journalists pack in, and begin heaving their colleagues out of the way to the bar. Ofra Alyagon, the *Ma'ariv* columnist, says to me enthusiastically, "We haven't had anything like this since Moche Dayan's conferences during the Six Day War. It's a happening."

I agree with her, and grab another glass and come asparagus. Television crews are on the verge of fistfuffe as they manoeuvre for the best vantage points for filming Mr. and Mrs. Flatto.

A SHORT, surly sportsman seems to be the chairman, and he eternally calls us to order and tells us to take our seats so that the conference can begin. Some journalist suggests to me a name for the new party, "Mafia," standing for *Miflagot Financierim B'reit Israel*. Somebody else likes the Mafia title, but bases it on "Miflaga Advancing Flatto's Immunity and 'Appineas."

The chairman calls for order to become sterner and sterner; he tells us angrily that we have not come to join in a party, but to attend a press conference. I feel like asking him what's the difference between joining a party and joining in a party, but keep my mouth shut, and foolishly, being cursed by an "Anglo-Saxon" education in unnecessary discipline and



Candidate Samuel Flatto-Sharon. (Inset) The French financier making an offer to That Man, the late Pinhas Sapir.

courtesy, find a seat in a corner and prepare to listen to what Mr. Samuel Flatto-Sharon has to say.

Wiser and better-educated journalists, who don't understand the quality of life, remain free-loading at the bar, ignoring the chairman's pleas and admonitions; and — to anticipate the reward of my complying with orders is that, by the time I get back to the bar, I find only empty bottles and cleared plates.

Sammy gets off to a polite start by apologizing for speaking French, a language I have detested ever since the great Gallic betrayal of Israel in 1967. If I can refuse on principle to watch French films on television, I don't need to listen to Flatto using that execrable tongue. But an interpreter is provided, and he matches the candidate's speech, sentence for sentence.

Flatto, apparently aware that only the interpreter, his wife, the correspondent of *L'Humanité* and one or two others understand him, uses a low, droning tone to voice his great thoughts. The interpreter, presumably a member of the school of simultaneous translators that believes in getting the subject across as he presents himself, matches Flatto's boring voice in Hebrew.

THE CANDIDATE gets off the mark with a promise that he will learn to speak Hebrew by the time he is elected to the Knesset — a fairly safe promise, I guess. Then he starts outlining a long list of all the V.I.P.s he knows in France, and tells how the French banks are trying to do him in. There's one bank to which he owes 60 m. francs, but they hold as security some land in Corsica worth 176 m., which they want to take away from him, with a clear profit to them of 116 m. The rate! Bankers are like that, always trying to turn a dishonest franc.

Very exciting financial convolutions, but, what with the droning voices and the noise from the bar, and my brooding on the way the free-loaders have outplayed me, my attention begins to wander. Luckily for me, a

colleague from *The Jerusalem Post* is dealing with the news side of the story. I've been sent to cover any colour it may have, so I do not need to attend to every word too closely.

I wonder what Sammy's prepared to pay for my vote. According to the French, he got away with 420 m. francs, and I know he needs 18,000 votes to get that Knesset seat. It would only be fair for him to split the take-down the middle with those of us who are prepared to sell our ballots — I wonder if that's a crime, selling votes? Buying it may be, but selling it?

Anyway, there's so much that they don't prosecute for, I doubt whether they'll chase anyone who suddenly gets richer around election time. I understand that Halton, the champion of the underprivileged in Beersheba, has become Flatto's campaign manager, so he must believe that the cause of the oppressed worker. If that's good enough for Halton, it's good enough for me.

So let's get back to those figures. Four hundred and twenty million francs split two ways is 210 m. for Sammy, 210 m. for the voters. Although I have come without my pocket calculator, Sammy has provided every journalist with a sort of file which contains some writing paper, on which I laboriously work out that 210 m. francs divided by 18,000 equals 11,666 francs for each vote. How many votes are there in a French franc these days?

The Kingfish of Louisiana, Huey Long, if my memory serves me correctly, got into power on a slogan of every man an automobile, a cow and 10 acres. If Sammy advocates that every man should have a Cadillac, a broad and 40 dunams in Savoyon, where he lives, he'll have my mark on the ballot for sure. Forty dunams in Savoyon would keep us in Cadillacs for quite a while.

Huey Long certainly said that every man could be a king. Of course, we don't have kings here, we being such ardent republicans; but maybe Sammy'll make us all directors of govern-

ment or Histadrut enterprises if he gets into the Knesset.

HEY, I'D BETTER pay attention: Sammy has begun talking about his Israeli policy. This is going to be good, worth concentrating on. He starts off by saying that he's got nothing to say about defence and foreign affairs. H'm, sounds as if he's got the same platform as Yigael Yadin and his D.M.C. Well, there's no reason why two parties shouldn't agree.

Now he's starting on the economy. Here it comes: we'll see what's in it for us. He says that Israel is in a state of economic crisis. There, that's absolutely right, I've noticed it myself, I'm in one too. Sammy doesn't think we can afford the luxury of living in a state of crisis, because it stops allya and encourages *yerida*.

Sure, if he or some other philanthropist doesn't come up with something soon, in return for the slight favour of a cross on a ballot slip — isn't a cross a Christian symbol, why don't we use the Magen David? — we may all have to quit.

The first thing he wants to do is encourage investment. That's right, make an investment in me. How much, Sammy, how much? He goes off on a diversion, says that there are too many civil servants around. He's right, especially about there being too many people in the income tax office — I suppose he thinks that there are too many also in the Ministry of Justice and the Police.

Flatto-Sharon and his interpreter go on and on and on, droning away to the accompaniment of a hum from the free-loaders at the bar, so my attention starts to wander again. I'm sure I'll catch the magic formula when he gets around to making his proposal.

I decide to look at the "literature" issued to us with that smart file. A pretty blue and white booklet, with a crooked Magen David on the cover — I wonder what that symbolizes? Nicely printed in 1976. Hey, what's this, who's this portly, bald man shown talking to Sammy in a picture? Oh, heavens, it's That Man, that unmentionable man, and look, there's his name typed out at the top of the page! The man who ruined the Israeli economy by expanding the Gross National Product by 12 per cent a year! The man who caused us all our troubles by encouraging people to build factories and produce goods! Who made us all into crooks and consumers! Who didn't understand that the way to a sound economy is to close down everything and sack everyone!

What's the matter with Halton, why did he let Sammy commit this terrible *faux pas*? The poor boy is only a new immigrant, nobody told him that That Man is dead, and that his name has given us one of the dirtiest words in the language, unfit to be printed in the delicate pages of *The Jerusalem Post*. Halton should have explained to Sammy. No wonder new immigrants complain that nobody helps them to understand the Israeli ethos.

NOW SAMMY'S ON to the subject of immunity. He reminds us that all kinds of MKs committed crimes. What's this, he's quoting with approval Yaacov Shimshon Shapiro as saying that every man is presumed innocent until he's proved guilty! Where does he think he is — France? That's the trouble with new immigrants, they expect to find the same conditions here as existed in the lands they left behind. Halton really should have helped Sammy with his homework. This nonsense of the presumption of innocence is like A.P. Herbert's 13th stroke of a crazy clock. It discredits not only itself, but all its previous strokes that seemed to be correct.

Question time. The man from *L'Humanité* asks his question in impeccable Hebrew — nice touch that, his not using French, allya and encourages *yerida*.

Now's my chance to find out something about what makes Sammy run.

I ask my question: where was he born, how old is he, where was he educated, where was his wife born, how many children has he got, how many houses, how much money? But he won't answer me — won't even tell me he was born in Poland. He says I must make an appointment to see him some other day if I want his curriculum vitae.

Maybe I'll go out to his house in Savoyon — I've heard a lot about it; it's got electronic gates that are only opened when visitors have hooted for hours, and have woken up all the neighbours. But, if I go to his house, he'll preter go on and on and on, droning away to the accompaniment of a hum from the free-loaders at the bar, so my attention starts to wander again. I'm sure I'll catch the magic formula when he gets around to making his proposal.

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THE ACCOMPLISHMENTS of the blind in various walks of life are a never-ending source of amazement. When the area of achievement is that of the printed word, we can only marvel at the ability and sheer will-power needed to overcome the handicap.

Eliezer Katz, now a resident of French Hill in Jerusalem, was born with normal sight in Rogrod, near Bialystok, in Russian Poland. In 1926, at the age of 18, he came to Eretz Yisrael as a member of Hehalutz. (This was the tail end of the Third Aliya; the petit-bourgeois Fourth Aliya had already begun.)

He worked at all the back-breaking tasks performed by the young pioneers of the day: he quarried rock in Jerusalem, planted orange groves in Rehovot, and drained swamps and planted eucalyptus trees around Hadera. The blow fell in 1944. By now he was married, living in Jerusalem, and on the administrative staff of the Hebrew University on Mount Scopus. One day, as he was about to enter the university library, a powerful gust of wind released the vertical iron shutter at the threshold, and Eliezer was struck on the forehead. He lost the sight of his right immediately; three years later, after a number of unsuccessful operations in the U.S., he lost that of his left eye too.

At first he thought of becoming a counsellor to the blind, and to that end he took courses given by the Jewish Guild for the Blind at Ann Arbor, Michigan. But then he was smitten with the ambition to

MAN, METALS, TIME AND TREES

In the years since he lost his sight in 1947, Eliezer Katz has completed four volumes of a unique concordance to the Bible. Post reporter Aryeh Rubinstein meets the blind Jerusalem scholar and learns of his staggering achievement and methods of work.

compile a unique type of Bible concordance, and this became his life's work. He started on the project in 1951, and completed the first volume, which covers the Pentateuch, 12 years later. This was followed, in due course, by three more volumes, devoted respectively to the Former Prophets, the Latter Prophets, and the Hagiographa.

KATZ RISES each morning between 4 and 5 o'clock, and puts in 15 or 16 hours of work before calling it a day. His main tools are the Braille editions of the Hebrew Bible (published by the Jewish Braille Institute of America) and of the American Standard Revised Version (published by the American Bible Society).

He first reads the Braille text; he then punches — on a Braille writer — an index card for each word he plans to use. At a later stage he transfers the information from the Braille cards to copy paper, at this time using ordinary English and Hebrew typewriters.

His Jerusalem-born wife Rachel modestly disclaims any share of the credit. But she is in fact responsible for the vocalization of the Hebrew words and, in the nature of things, all the odds and ends fall into her lap.

In what respect does Katz's work differ from the usual concordance? His title hints at the answer: *A Classified Concordance to the Bible*. It is not a concordance of words, or of word families, but of subjects.

The second volume, for instance, contains 97 different subjects. To note just a few: animals, cities and places, colour and form, commandments, family, God, grain, journeys of the Children of Israel, man, metals, musical instruments, time and trees. Let us take the subject "man" to illustrate what is done. Katz breaks it down into five subdivisions, one of which is, "Disposition, character, and by-name." Under this head there are 159 different terms and 170 chapter-and-verse references.

Here are some of them: baldhead, barren, base fellow, champion, children of iniquity, chosen of Jehovah, drunken, eunuchs, fair damsel, fat man, fool, Jehovah's anointed, left-handed, lusty man, mad fellow, merciful, mighty, Nazirite, prudent in speech, stricken in years, troubler of Israel, uncircumcised, virgin, worthless fellow.

You consult the usual concordance when you know a word and want to know where it appears. You consult Katz's work when you have forgotten, say, the name of a particular weapon mentioned in the book of Joshua. Reference to the subject "War, weapons, and men of war" enables you to find "javelin" (viii, 18) in less than a minute. Or if you are interested in knowing the names of all the musical instruments listed in II Samuel, a quick look at that subject reveals castanet, cymbal, harp, psaltory, timbrel, and trumpet. In short, this is really a combination of concordance and thesaurus.

THE WORK is bilingual, every item appearing in Hebrew and English. The right-hand column of each page is in Hebrew, the left-hand in English. But since the entries in each language are arranged in alphabetical order, they will rarely appear on the same line. To facilitate comparison of the Hebrew and English, a cross-reference is given in parentheses. Thus, in the page shown here, Hebrew item 78 — *ha-venyakir* — carries a cross-reference to English item 59.

For the student of the Hebrew language, the Concordance is invaluable, showing as it does the development of the language from the earliest books of the Bible to the latest.

As Prof. Chaim Rabin, of the Hebrew University, says in his foreword to volume 3: "By juxtaposing passages on cognate subjects from distant parts of the Bible, the Concordance at times throws unexpected light on certain expressions." And he adds: "The medieval Jewish commentators often succeeded in throwing light by comparison of such distant passages, thanks to their wonderful familiarity with the text; Eliezer Katz's book can turn each of us into his own expert commentator."

Although Katz is now 70, he is not planning to retire. He is hard at work revising and expanding the first volume. And after that he would like to put out a new edition, four volumes in two. That, he thinks, would make the Concordance much more useful. □



Kosher butcher on the Avenue de la Liberté near the Great Synagogue, on a Sunday morning when most shops are closed for the weekly day off.

(Photo: Daniella Saltz)

NEXT YEAR in Jerusalem, perhaps, but there are still about 5,000 Jews left in Tunisia, roughly 3,500 of them in Tunis, the capital. I increased that number fractionally last Passover.

A few days before the festival began, I visited the community centre and school behind the Great Synagogue. These buildings are, ironically, situated between the thoroughfares "Rue de Palestine" and "Avenue de la Liberté."

A flurry of activity on the ground floor indicated where *matzo* sales were in progress. The waters were round, with scalloped edges, and decoratively perforated. Thicker and less crumbly than the plain ruled squares available in Israel and North America, they tasted inexplicably sweeter.

Although these *galettes* were imported from France duty-free, they still cost \$1.30 per package. The import privileges are applied for end granted on an annual basis. When the *matzo* arrive, community notables call on President Bourghiba and other high government officials to thank them with packets of the unleavened *Passover* bread.

Haroset, *haggadot*, and *kosher le-Pessach* wine were on sale upstairs. *Matzo* used to be made in Tunisia until 1967, when the factory was destroyed. But *matzo* *shmurah*, whose production is carefully supervised from the grain harvest on, is still prepared in the country. Some come from Djerba, an island paradise nearly 600 km. south-east of Tunis.

The Jewish community there claims its origins in the Babylonian Exile. Formerly, La Ghriba, the main synagogue of Djerba, was the goal of pilgrims from across North Africa on *Lag B'Omer*. Now only Tunisian Jews make the trip. The rest of the year it is a stop on the standard tourist itinerary around the island.

I was fortunate to witness the preparation of *matzo shmurah* somewhere in Tunis. In the corner of a rather dark room sat a woman patiently kneading flour and water. The next room, by contrast, was organized frenzy. Laughing and chattering teenagers, mostly girls, crowded around a long table, frantically rolling out balls of dough into thin, round sheets, presided over by a sweetly-smiling *rebbitzin*. The noise level was deafening.

The sheets of dough were then whisked into the next room on rolling pins, like so many Salvador Dali clocks. There, young boys rapidly perforated them with serrated pastry-cutting wheels. A long pole frequently emerged from a small side-room to take the *matzo* for baking. At the other end of the wooden rod stood a bearded *Lubovitcher rabbi*. As he deftly wielded the *matzo* in and out of an open oven, he asked, "Sprechen Sie Yiddish?" "Ioh fersteht nisht Yiddish." End of conversation.

I HAD no time to recover from the contradiction of an Ashkenazi *rabbi* among the Sephardi Tunisians, for I was hurried off to the next stop on my cook's tour of the Jewish pre-Pessach subculture. This was a bakery where *kasher le-Pessach* cakes were prepared. Wonderful aromas drew me to the door, behind which sat two men cracking open and inspecting hundreds of eggs. Those with specks of blood on the yolks were rejected. One man was a Jew and

SEDER IN TUNIS

The once-flourishing Jewish community of Tunisia is a very shrunken one, and many of the young people who still remain are planning to emigrate. DANIELLA SALTZ describes a Tunis seder she attended last year.

Itinerary around the island.

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the other — like all the rest of the bakery workers — was an Arab. Erez Pessach itself, I first went to the Great Synagogue for services at sunset. The congregants crowded into the small alder chamber which is also used for Friday night prayers. The few women present sat on a bench along the side and on chairs in a recessed area behind it; there was no curtain or screen. Most of the women of the community, like their counterparts all over the world were putting the finishing touches to the seder meal.

I left the synagogue with one of the many families that had invited me to join them that evening. There were other guests too. On the table was a bottle of Carmel Avdat wine that had come by some roundabout route from Israel. We shared this and then proceeded to the plentiful Tunisian white (not as good as the Carmel) and red *Passover* wines. The red wine was mixed with a heavy, olive-drab purée of grape pulp, a combination that was delicious and refreshing.

Many of the customs were unfamiliar to me, largely because this was my first Sephardi seder. For example, a big, woven straw basket was used instead of a seder plate to hold the traditional symbolic foods. The three *matzo* in the basket were *matzo* *shmurah* from Djerba. The rest of the *matzo* that evening were the French imports. No ransom game was conducted with the hiding of the *afikoman*. The "bitter" herb was lettuce, a pleasant change from horseradish root. And the

haroset was a very liquid *maah* in which the flavours of dates and rose petals predominated.

We chanted the *Passover* story together in a vague semblance of unison. The four questions were asked not by the youngest present, but by everyone together. And we reclined to the left at the appropriate query. After each of the ten plagues was named, the head of the family spilled red wine towards a basin. Simultaneously, his wife splashed water from a bottle onto the wine before it hit the tub.

We then put the *haggadot* aside and were ready for the feast. First, dishes of salads were placed along the centre of the table. I sampled the garlicky peppers, a tangy *ougette* and potato combination, salty chunks of cucumber, a cooked carrot dish and fresh fennel. The other salads were out of reach.

Next came overflowing dishes of *m'souk*, a *Passover* specialty something like *cholent* but with more interesting seasonings. It was a tasty stew of meat, beans, greens, and a thick slice of meat mixture stuffed into derma. I couldn't finish it and doubt I was expected to, since another "main dish" holiday special followed.

This was *fad*, cut-up liver accompanied by a slice of derma filled with an egg and *matzo* concoction, all swimming in a savoury sauce. After we had completed the seder rituals, a huge bowl was brought out. It contained apples, tangerines, the ubiquitous oranges, and *bergamot*, yellow,

tangerine-shaped fruit that tasted like sweet, perfumed lemon. Table talk was lively. How would a recent new law on foreign currency holdings affect Tunisian Jews? The consensus — not very much, since the millionaires of the community had already emigrated. Conversation naturally turned to Israel — the security situation, government policies, the West Bank.

At the beginning of the evening, we had all agreed on French as the common language, since most did not speak Hebrew. But, unfortunately, the livelier discussions became, the more they tended to lapse partially or totally into Tunisian Arabic, so I couldn't follow very well. Otherwise, they piled me with questions, told anecdotes, and caught up on the doings of friends and relatives — just like at any other seder.

Throughout the meal, I was strongly aware that I was witnessing the last generation of Jews in Tunisia. The Jewish community in Tunisia has had a long and prosperous history, going back to the sixth century B.C.E., according to the Djerbanans, and certainly to the Roman conquest of Jerusalem. In a north-western suburb of Tunis there is even a Jewish cemetery dating back to the first century, C.E.

The thought that in the not-too-distant future, a seder like this might well be a thing of the past in Tunisia, was somewhat saddening. The young people were quite convinced that they had no future there and would leave. About 80 per cent of the Tunisians who leave the country resettle in France, the rest in Israel.

The midnight hour was fast approaching. We were satiated with food, saturated with wine, and surfeited with goodwill and a feeling of *kol Yisrael havayim*. The head of the family was by now reclining on a couch. It was time to depart. *Be-shana ha-ba'a b'Yrushalayim!* □

THE DEDICATION of the "Congregation Kehilath Israel of Newark, New Jersey Yeshivah Center" of the Yeshivat Har Etsion at Alon Shevut in the Etsion Bloc on Monday, Nissan 2—March 21, was more than just another dedication ceremony. It was

rather a tribute to dedication — to the dedication to Torah and to Israel of Congregation Kehilath Israel under the leadership of the man who has been its President for nearly four decades, Sam Stein, and his committee: Arnold Greenspan, Vice-President; Judge Aaron Narel, Trustee; Harry Wasserman, Treasurer; and Reverend Morris Fisher, Secretary.

"Thank you for the wisdom you have shown in deciding to immortalize the name of your synagogue in this manner," said the President of the State of Israel, Professor Aharon Katz, told Mr. Stein and his committee at the ceremony, in the magnificent new *beit midrash* (study hall-synagogue) of the "Congregation Kehilath Israel of Newark, N.J. Yeshivah Center," which will now be the "heart" and "brains" of the nine-year-old Yeshivat Har Etsion.

Mr. Stein, his committee and the members of Congregation Kehilath Israel "no more than donors," Eretz Yeshivat Har Etsion, Rav Aaron Lichtenstein, who presided over the ceremony, told the 1,500 persons who came from all over Israel to celebrate the occasion. "They are partners with us," Rav Lichtenstein said, "in the collective enterprise of furthering the values of Torah to which Congregation Kehilath Israel, under Mr. Stein's inspiring leadership, has been dedicated from the outset."

"I thank God," Mr. Stein said in his stirring response, "for having put in my head the idea of perpetuating Congregation Kehilath Israel in this way in Eretz Yisrael, and for having granted me, my dear Board colleagues, and the entire congregation the privilege of being partners in the magnificent work of Torah being carried on by Yeshivat Har Etsion."

From Newark, New Jersey to

Congregation Kehilath Israel of Newark Yeshivah Center dedicated

Alon Shevut in the Etsion Bloc in the Hebron Hills.

In 1951, Congregation Kehilath Israel, the finest synagogue and one of the oldest (more than a century old) in New Jersey, built a new 1,100-seat synagogue building at a cost of \$750,000.

Only nine years later, a change took place in the neighborhood in which Kehilath Israel was situated. As a result, the membership moved en masse to the suburban areas of Essex and Union Counties. Daily worship at the synagogue virtually ceased, and the main gatherings there were now on Sabbaths and the High Holy Days, which ultimately ceased, too.

Mr. Stein called an emergency meeting of the congregation to discuss the future, and it was decided to sell the synagogue and, as Mr. Stein puts it, "to try and go elsewhere." In 1959 the synagogue was sold, and the "elsewhere" was picked: Israel. Not that Kehilath Israel did not receive many tempting proposals for investing its assets in Jewish institutions in America. "But we decided on Israel," Mr. Stein says, "out of our great feeling of responsibility to the Jewish People's old-new homeland. And we decided to come to Israel in the form of perpetuating the name of Congregation Kehilath Israel by creating a yeshivah-synagogue here."

From Israel, too, many proposals were received from many institutions, and in May, 1972, Mr. Stein and his committee came to see for themselves. Here, Mr. Stein says, "we fell in love with the leaders of Yeshivat Har Etsion and the idea they represent."

They met with the heads of Har Etsion: Rav Yehuda Amital and Rav Lichtenstein; Moshe Meiselman, Chairman of the Yeshivah's Executive; and Dr. Meyer Brayer, Executive Director. This was followed by a meeting with



Sam Stein, President, Congregation Kehilath Israel of Newark, New Jersey, U.S.A.

Dr. Zerah Warhaftig, Religious Affairs Minister, and then with Dr. Yosef Burg, Interior Minister. At Dr. Burg's suggestion, Rav Lichtenstein, who was present, drew up a statement aimed, mainly, at answering a crucial question put by Mr. Stein, as President of Congregation Kehilath Israel: "Why should we go into the wilderness?" — for the Etsion Bloc was not yet the magnificent semi-urban centre it is now well on its way to becoming, with two kibbutzim (Kfar Etsion and Rosh Tzurim); an industrial moehav (Mazra); the growing town of Alon Shevut in which Yeshivat Har Etsion is situated; and more to come.

"We were given a good and interesting answer," Mr. Stein recalls. This area, the Kehilath Israel leaders were told, will be the fortification for the Jewish people in the State of Israel, (recalling what the late Prime Minister Ben-Gurion said in 1948, that the valiant stand of the Etsion Bloc defenders in the War of Liberation, in which 250 of them fell, had saved Jerusalem).

Mr. Stein was especially moved by the words of Moshe Meiselman, an Etsion Bloc survivor of the 1948 war, who is also Chair-

man of the Alon Shevut Association that is carrying out the development of the entire area. Mr. Meiselman had pointed out that the Etsion Bloc "lies on the path of the Patriarch Abraham had taken his son Isaac, at God's command, to sacrifice him at Mount Moriah in Jerusalem. Along this way, too (at nearby Beit Tzur and Beit Zeebarah), Maccabean heroes fell defending Jewish freedom against the Greek oppressors, and right here, in the Etsion Bloc, 250 Jews fell in defense of their people and homeland in 1948. (Since, 11 Yeshivat Har Etsion students have fallen in defense of the homeland, 8 in the path of sacrifice. Let this 'path of sacrifice' now become a 'path of construction'.")

And this it has become — with the generous help of Congregation Kehilath Israel of Newark, New Jersey, under the leadership of Sam Stein and his Board. Their visit in 1972 was culminated by the signing of a contract with Yeshivat Har Etsion. Under that contract, Congregation Kehilath Israel has delivered \$210,000 for the construction of the new "Yeshivah Center" bearing its name, and additional thousands of dollars over the years for the yeshivah's daily maintenance and operational budget; has created a \$75,000 trust fund whose income will go towards the yeshivah's operation and maintenance; shipped its 81 Torah Scrolls to Israel, of which six, plus all of the synagogue's Torah apparatuses — nine crowns, 24 sets *hayotim*, and 12 breastplates — have gone to the "Congregation Kehilath Israel of Newark, New Jersey Yeshivah Center" in Alon Shevut, and the remaining 25 Torah Scrolls have been distributed to nearby synagogues by the Religious Affairs Ministry. Furthermore, all of Kehilath Israel's memorial plaques have been installed at the "Yeshivah Center,"

At a private dinner party after the ceremony, Sam Stein and his committee presented the Yeshivat Har Etsion with a gift of \$7,500 worth of Israel Bonds in behalf of Congregation Kehilath Israel. The "Yeshivah Center" includes the *beit midrash* in which the Yeshivat Har Etsion's 288 students can study and conduct their prayer services; a library; and a complex of smaller classrooms and study-halls.

At the dedication ceremony, Judge Narel was given the honor of introducing Mr. Stein to deliver his response to the tributes paid him and Congregation Kehilath Israel by President Katz, Israel's Chief Rabbi, and the heads of Yeshivat Har Etsion. Judge Narel announced:

"In appreciation of Mr. Stein's devoted and inspiring leadership as President of our congregation for the past four decades, it was decided that the 'Yeshivah Center' building shall be officially known as 'Congregation Kehilath Israel of Newark, New Jersey, U.S.A., Yeshivah Center, Sam Stein, President.'"

(Advert.)

הגדה מן האכל

FEW OF THE thousands of people who are spending these first days of spring on one of Israel's beaches realize how much time, effort and money go into ensuring that they will be safe from attack.

Few of the hundreds of thousands who go to sleep each night in one of Israel's coastal cities know that while they lie snugly between their sheets, somewhere out in the dark there is a crew aboard an Israeli naval vessel, attempting to make sure that no attack like the one on the Savoy Hotel in Tel Aviv two years ago — which claimed almost a dozen lives — does not happen again.

Since the Savoy attack, Israel has invested much thought in how to seal off the country's long maritime borders from terrorist and naval assault. While it is fully realized that it is not possible to seal the coastal borders hermetically, the Navy has adopted an interlocking radar pattern along the entire length of the Mediterranean shore — backed up by aerial and sea patrols. The system is so efficient that in an exercise last week, a radar station in the north instantly picked up a barrel which was thrown into the sea three nautical miles from the coast.

The station noticed the object in the water only seconds after sailors on the Dabur-class patrol boat I was on purposely threw it overboard in order to test the alertness of the radar crews on shore. Once pinpointed on the radar screen, a smooth machine went into operation, a well-armed ship being dispatched to the exact spot within minutes.

THE ABILITY of shore radar to pick up a barrel at five kilometres did not come as a surprise to the men at sea. They claimed that much smaller objects — even something as small as an infiltrator's head protruding from the water — can be picked up by a series of electronic eyes that Israel has placed at strategic points on land and at sea.

"While the word 'navy' is a big word," one senior commander told me last week, "we are confident that it is virtually impossible for the enemy to penetrate our defences, either above or beneath the waves."

The outer circle of Israel's shore defences is based on huge, long-range radar installations spread along the Mediterranean coast. They are backed up by daily flights of spotter aircraft which comb the seas as far as 50 miles away from shore, identifying ships approaching Israel's ports and informing shore stations of all other sea traffic in the region. The aerial patrols and long-range radar are backed up by a third component — the constant presence of Saar-class missile boats patrolling well outside Israel's territorial waters, armed and ready to deal with any potential threat well before it reaches Israel territory.

THE OUTER circle is intended primarily as an early-warning system. It is meant to keep tabs on the movement of ships sailing in the direction of Israel, and to allow Israel to question the masters of these vessels, if there is any doubt as to their identity or intention, before they could possibly present a problem.

The outer circle is coordinated with a second series of land-based radar systems of varying range, which scan Israel's territorial waters day and night. They also keep a close watch on potential en-

The Israel Navy uses interlocking radar systems, aerial and sea patrols and frogmen to guard the country's coasts against surprise enemy attack. Post Military Correspondent HIRSH GOODMAN talks to the men who are trying to create air-tight shore defences.



(Top) Air Force plane heads home after searching the sea for hostile ships. (Centre) Dabur patrol boat back up the second circle. (Bottom) Frogmen play an important role in preventing sabotage.

(Photos: Goodman/Newsphoto)

try points along Israel's shores for terrorists leaving from bases in Lebanon, or approaching Israel in small, fast craft, dropped overboard from a ship several miles out at sea. (Last Rosh Hashana, five terrorists used a Turkish vessel in this way and landed on the Tel Aviv beach. Fortunately, for reasons that are still not entirely clear, the five decided to limit their activities once they had landed to distributing cigarettes and whisky to curious onlookers on the beach. They had apparently lost their nerve and dumped their weapons overboard before reaching the Tel Aviv Marine.)

THE 3 CIRCLES

enemy may try to infiltrate, are great. But they get the job done. For obvious reasons, the Israeli Navy is reluctant to talk about the specific measures it has adopted to ensure the safety of the country's ports, or to elaborate on the role of its frogmen. It is known, though, that through a combination of electronic, optical and audio sensors, members of the elite Harbour Protection Division hope to be able to pick up any attempt at underwater sabotage before it takes place.

It is also known, however, that they do not rely only on these devices. Day and night, young men are probing the murky depths to assure the safety of vessels in Israeli ports. The task is a thankless one.

"In our business," says a senior officer in charge of the unit, "we have to think of every potentiality. The slightest oversight can end in a disaster."

Not only does he have to keep every possible move by the enemy in mind, but he also has to keep his men on the alert. It is difficult to ensure that the men do not become less attentive when, after weeks of routine work, they still come up with nothing. A mine as small as a fist is hard to find when hidden among the algae and barnacles found on the keel of almost all sea-going ships.

The task demands tremendous concentration. It has to be carried out regardless of the boredom, the cold, and the other factors which affect the young frogman on his rounds under water.

IN ORDER to ensure alertness the commander uses dummy mines. Never, he claims, have his men passed one up. He also uses frogmen from another unit to stage surprise "attacks" on the ports. According to him, the "other side" loses consistently.

While underwater conditions are difficult, life aboard one of the small Dabur-class boats is no picnic either. Tossed about by the waves, the crew of eight spend hours chasing after anything that even remotely resembles a possible target. Nine times out of 10 it proves to be a false alarm — either a piece of driftwood or a large gull. But each approach is carried out as if it were the real thing.

The captain of our boat was Segen Yehuda, who looked hardly old enough to drive a car. Yet he seemed to be familiar with every inch of the area we patrolled. He knew the tides and the winds. He knew the peculiarities of the sea at certain spots, and he knew each motion of the waves. He had the total respect of his crew and could extract their full co-operation under conditions which I considered impossible.

HERE AGAIN keeping the men alert becomes a problem. But alert they were, knowing that they constitute an important link in a chain of defence which, if broken, could result in tragedy.

Despite the almost inhuman efforts of the Navy to ensure that Israel's coast is safe from attack, there is no guarantee that the Savoy or the Tel Aviv Marina incidents cannot happen again.

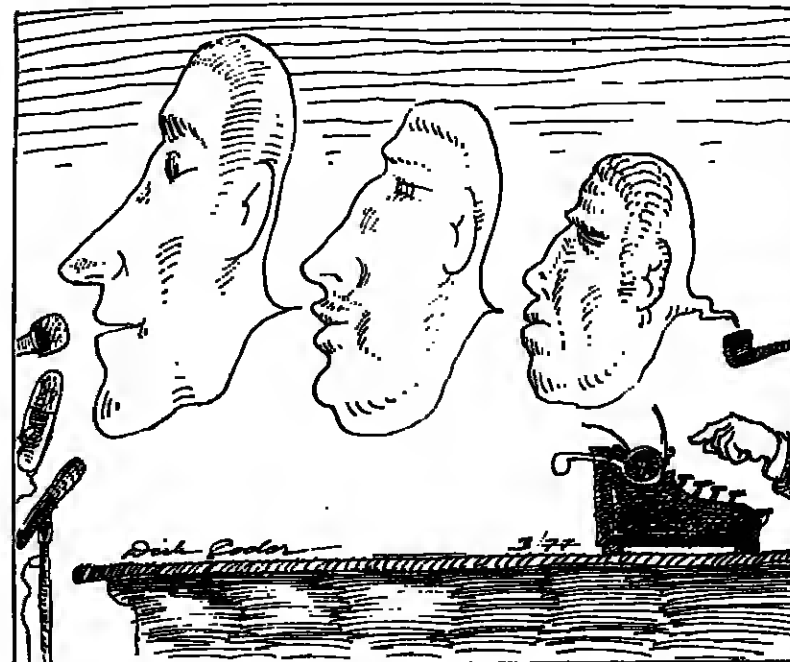
No system is infallible. There are always loopholes and there is always the possibility of human failure. But it is comforting to know that the Navy has taken practically every conceivable precaution against surprise attack. Should the "impossible" happen, there will almost certainly be those who, from the comfort of their armchairs, will say that we could have done more. □

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, APRIL 1, 1977

The Ghostwriters

"No one is going to tell me what to say," Ben-Gurion said, after two of his aides tried to tone down a speech. But other Israeli leaders have relied on the phrase-making abilities of their ghostwriters. The Post's SHALOM COHEN discusses the craft.



THE VOICE is the voice of the leader, and the hands are the hands of the ghostwriter. Though the ghostwriter is elsewhere accepted as a natural fact of public life, our own political leaders still treat this appallingly secret. The ghostwriter can't become ghostly enough. Ben-Gurion didn't have a ghostwriter. Eshkol was the first at that level to use one — evidence of his commonsense recognition of his own limitations.

Ben-Gurion wrote everything out in laborious long-hand. On the rare occasions he did resort to a ghost, for a speech in English, he was helped by the late Ya'acov Herzog and Avraham Avihai (then Syd Appelbaum) who also "did" for Eshkol.

Once, Avihai reminisces, he prepared a long speech for B.G. for a Bonds conference in Washington. "I told Yitzhak Navon the Old Man wouldn't use it," Ben-Gurion did, but for some obscure reason changed one word: instead of "revival of the Jewish people," he used "resuscitation."

We have all heard official interpreters "improve" translations on the spot "for the good of the cause." At a meeting with American immigrants, Ben-Gurion launched on one of his periodic attacks on "the Zionists." The speech was prepared, and Herzog and Avihai, after consulting Teddy Kolek, did some toning down. The Old Man read a couple of sentences, crumpled up the pages, and muttered, "No one is going to tell me what to say."

Levi Eshkol, as Finance Minister or Prime Minister, just couldn't say no when asked to address some gathering, local or foreign, especially Jewish groups from the Diaspora. But it was totally unnatural for him to keep to a text.

There was that sadly famous episode of Eshkol bumbling in his nationwide broadcast in the tense days on the eve of the Six Day War. The speech was ghosted almost at the last minute, and still later an aide added a phrase,

hasarat kohol — movement of forces. The Prime Minister stumbled over it, and instead of raising morale, his Moeen-like stammer spread despondency.

With his lyrical feeling for language and his wonderfully rich Hebrew vocabulary, Eshkol needed the discipline of a prepared speech. Avihai recalls how, addressing a UJA conference in Haifa, he discarded his ghosted text and went on and on and on. Eventually he paused and confessed to his audience, "I want to end, but I don't know how."

Provided with a ghosted speech in English for the opening of the Brussels World Fair, Eshkol told his aides, "Translate it into French. I can speak bad French as good as bad English."

Golda Meir had major speeches written for her, but her ghosts agree that she has always been a natural off-the-cuff speaker. Ya'acov Herzog wrote many of her speeches, but her broadcast to the nation was ghosted by our present ambassador in Washington, Simha Dinitz.

HAS GHOSTING led to a decline in oratory? It depends, of course, on who is the orator. Policy is not made by the ghosts — their clients do that, either by proxy or by later slipping in the operative nitty-gritty in the prepared text. Nor can the ghosts by some typewriter alchemy produce leadership "charisma" — which was also now supposed to be hungrier after so much. The sweating ghostwriter can help, however.

A memorable early speech by Rabin, at a Mount Scopus celebration soon after the Six Day War, was ghosted by Mordechai (Morele) Baron. But as Prime Minister, Rabin speaks mostly off the cuff. The result ought to sound like "talking from the heart," with that desirable note of personal conviction. But even his friends must admit that he either lacks a sense of empathy with the masses, or that he is without the instinctive tricks of an actor able to divine the minds of his audience.

The people who work with

Rabin say that his speechifying improved considerably after he switched from the clipped military to the voluble political style. He still has an inexplicable quirk of emphasizing the wrong secondary evidence of a sentence. In the early days of his premiership, it was once suggested to him that he have some professional coaching in public speaking. He dismissed the idea with disdain.

The Prime Minister's "voice of Jacob" for major political statements is Israel Galili. This grey eminence has a reputation as a master formulator, a maestro of Hebrew oration, a wise artist where some fine ambiguity is needed in politically sensitive matters. He is sometimes joined by Yehuda Avner, who ghosts Rabin's major statements in English and who knows his master's mind well, having worked with him since Washington days.

Preparing the Prime Minister's speeches involves several drafts and discussions with him: there were five drafts of the "Heisinki" speech at the Socialist International. But the loyal ghostwriters say that the end product is always Rabin's.

No one, no one, thinks that Abba Eban ever had a speech ghosted. But he has ghosted himself, as was so blatantly obvious at an important Labour Party conference in April, 1973, when he re-used chunks of a speech he had given a few days before to an American Jewish meeting, and which was an unsuccessful transplant. He himself has occasionally ghosted, for Chaim Weizmann, Ben-Gurion and also Golda and he once ghosted for Moshe Dayan — an article in Foreign Affairs.

WHERE there is literary talent there is usually less need for, or acceptance of, a ghostwriter. Eban is an obvious example, but Shimon Peres, too, whose critics recognize his writing abilities, is said to be mainly an extempore speaker.

Peres, a phrasemaker technician, is not haunted by ghostwriters, he does declare categorically. He does invite comment from others — from adviser Asher Ben-Natan, from Ben-Gurion loyalist Haim Israeli, and from his ex-journalist spokesman, Naftali Lavie. On military aspects of a speech, he consults with army intelligence chief Shimon Gazit, and his military aide, Tal-Aluf Arye Bar-On.

Dayan was never shamefully ghosted, say his former official aides.

The best orator Israel ever had — without any public opinion poll but what they call by "consensus" — was the late Moshe Shai, Maki M.K., and it's a sure thing he had no ghost. But it seems the habitat of ghosts is the Establishment, rather than the Opposition. It's a safe bet that Menachem Begin's block-busting oratory was never ghosted.

As long ago, long before the rude appearance of the new-fangled microphone and the TV camera, when lung-power was power, the tradition in the Yishuv was to harangue an audience, to lose off a speech lasting four or five hours. They were a harder race then, the listeners.

We have not yet produced a generation of ghost-listeners, but the ghostwriters could soon be running the show — and who will need politicians then? Barring, of course, all those naturally gifted, sparkling, breathtaking speakers now drawing their second wind for the coming election fleets. □

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هكذا من الأصل

SLAP IN THE Middle of the Hagada you'll notice Rabbi Yehuda a little mnemonic. Dr. Nach Adash Br'ahub, intended to help you remember the 10 plagues. There used to be a marginally better one which English schoolboys learned: Retaliating for long frustration Moses bargained hostile leader demanding freedom (river-to-blood, frogs, lice, etc.).

We learned dozens of them at school and they are practically guaranteed to last a lifetime. Some are pretty well known, like the one for learning the number of days in each month:

"Thirty days hath September, April, June and November..."

I rather suspect that this has fallen into disuse. Not long ago, the North Thames Gas Board had to withdraw an advertising calendar which allotted 31 days to September while giving December a measly 30.

We learned the order of the colours of the spectrum (red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet) by inscribing on our impressionable young minds the rather dismaying now that "Richard of York gained battles in rln." Our school was in the rather bleak nonconformist tradition; elsewhere, other, more uninhibited, kids mastered the spectrum with the rollicking mnemonic, "Roll out your Guinness, boys, in rsta."

Even the horrors of maths were alleviated. The division of fractions was absorbed with:

"The number you are dividing by Turn upside down and multiply." Whic? Bless my dear Aunt Sally, helped us to remember the order of operations in algebra (brackets, multiply, divide, add, subtract).

The history teacher exhorted us to remember "the Duke of Marlborough's telephone number," BROM 4889, as this key to the dates of the battles of the War of the Spanish Succession (Blenheim 1704, Ramillies 1706, Oudenarde 1708 and Malplaquet 1709), though what the war was all about I've long since forgotten. A ridiculous rhyme firmly planted the procedure for calculating the circumference of the area of a circle:

"Fiddlededum, fiddledede, A ring round the moon is P times d.

If a hole in your sock you want repaired

You use the formula $P \times E$ squared."

There are dozens of similar mnemonics for every conceivable subject.

SOME YEARS AGO, a book was advertised in *The British Medical*

Whatsername?



WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

Journal which used mnemonics to help in the study of Pathology. "The diagnosis of the acute abdomen in rhyme," it announced. "Abdominal catastrophes recounted in verse."

The more callous end, preferably, the filthier the mnemonic, the more effective it is, at least as far as Medical Dick and Medical Davy are concerned. Some, on the other hand, were excoisely genteel:

"Bile from the liver omulstifos greases Tinge the urine and colours the facies

"Aide peristalsis, prevents putrefaction

If you remember all this you'll give satisfaction."

The most memorable, however, were aimed at the rugged-playing, beer-swilling type of medical student familiar to viewers of the *Doctor in the House* TV series.

They used to learn the order of the nerves which pass through the superior orbital tissue by forming a mantle picture: "Iazy French

tarts, lie naked in anticipation" (Lacrimal, frontal, trochlear, etc.); they acquired the anatomical structures of the ankle with the aid of a morel tele: "Timothy had a very nasty disease through f - bawdy ledies."

No English medical student could possibly forget the course of the lingual nerve once he'd learned a rude jingle:

"The lingual nerve took a swerve Arooes the hyoglossus, Well, I'll be f - Said Wharton's duct, The bugger's double-crossed us."

MANKIND HAS always required some kind of prop or crutch for its imperfect memory and mnemonics must be as old as notched counting-sticks or the coloured strings and various knots with which the Peruvian Incas kept their accounts.

Of course, there are advantages to forgetfulness. One was pointed out by Ambrose Bierce who called a dud memory a gift of God bestowed on debtors in compensa-

tion for their destitution of conscience.

Ebbinghaus's famous "curve of forgetting" even has a commercial value, as was pointed out by *Flight* magazine a few years ago. Mr. Peter Maschfield drew attention to the fact that it was preferable to kill a plane load of passengers rather than to deliver them badly frightened to their destination. He referred to a "public forgetfulness factor" which allows the depressing effect of a fatal accident to be of short duration whereas badly frightened survivors represent a much greater menace to ticket sales.

"I've a grand memory for forgetting, David," Alen Brock told the young hero of *Kidnapped*, but he was very much an also-ran when it comes to real forgetfulness. Some time ago, *The Daily Express* described the plight of one Diok Rutkowski. Arrested in Cerson City, Nevada, for passing bum cheques, he was in even hotter water when the police discovered that he had one more wife than he was strictly entitled to. "Don't ask me how it happened," he told the investigating officer. "It was a terrible mistake. All I know is I woke up one morning and there she was - an extra wife."

From time to time the Press carries reports of the odd items which turn up in lost property offices. The prize this year goes to Strathclyde, Scotland, which had a coffin, a headstone, and a skeleton handed in. The unclaimed items found in the streets of Naples were even odder, if less macabre. They included a tractor, two donkeys, a bath, two double beds, an ice-cream maker, a suitcase full of faded love-letters - and 17 pairs of trousers.

A really short-term memory has a built-in Keystone Cops element. Some years ago, a BBC crew filmed the impressive demolition of Bath's Pultney Road Bridge for inclusion in the TV news that evening. Unfortunately they couldn't ship the film back to London because they'd forgotten that the train they'd been depending on couldn't go over the non-existent bridge.

Mack Bennett would have appreciated the comic possibilities of Mr. Ernest Digweed, a Portsmouth schoolmaster who died last year and left £38,000 to an unexpected benefactor. His will states: "If during the next 60 years the Lord Jesus Christ shall come to reign on earth, then the Public Trustees, upon obtaining proof which shall satisfy them of His identity, shall pay to the Lord Jesus Christ all the property which they hold on his behalf."

Without these time-tested systems of developing memory-power, methods which have been used in traditional Jewish studies for well over a thousand years, the products of our schools are gravely handicapped.

No wonder Mrs. Rabin forgot all about that Washington bank account.

Any theologian could have reminded Mr. Digweed of a detail which he'd overlooked - that the Second Coming would also mean the end of the World, and even of sterling.

It's a poor sort of memory that only works backward, as the Queen of Hearts remarked to Alice. A distinguished Israeli surgeon is famous for possessing a memory which only has three forward gears and an overdrive but no reverse, so to speak.

He once met a colleague on the stairs of the hospital and stopped to discuss a case. That out of the way, he asked: "When we met, was I going upstairs or downstairs?" Giving him an old-fashioned look, the colleague told him, "You were going upstairs." "Oh good," the old boy replied. "In that case I've had my lunch."

JEWISH TRADITION valued the efficacy of mnemonics as a learning aid. Rabbi Hlaid insisting that the Tora can only be acquired by the use of such *stamaim*. Acrostics and acronyms abound in the study of the Talmud and the Tora, and in the prayers, all of which were designed to help memorise the most insignificant details; and even the names of the five daughters of Zelophehad can be inscribed on memory's tablet with the aid of a simple mnemonic.

Outside of the religious schools, however, learning by rote has been severely discouraged in line with modern educational theory.

Oxford's Professor John Carey recently examined this "progressive" attitude. He claims that letely teachers have begun to feel that memory is indecent and, furthermore, resent the tedium and repetitiveness of the memorizing process.

Yet these same qualities are universally recognized as the prerequisites of excellence in many spheres of activity. Professor Carey points out: "In subject that indubitably matter, like surgery, the most doctrinaire opponent of rote-learning still requires practitioners to be knowledgeable and thoroughly tested before they are let loose on his intestine."

In Israeli schools, mnemonics do not exist to all intents and purposes and rote-learning is frowned upon.

Without these time-tested systems of developing memory-power, methods which have been used in traditional Jewish studies for well over a thousand years, the products of our schools are gravely handicapped.

No wonder Mrs. Rabin forgot all about that Washington bank account.

with laughter. "The Party... that's a good one."

He barely managed to contain his mirth.

"LISTEN, Butch," he said amiably at last, "have you forgotten what happened to poor old Mittagessen?"

"I'll oall the police!" "I can spare you the trouble," said Ervinke, cleaning his nails. "I'm baying lunch with the chief inspector at two."

"I'll inform the mayor!" "Oo, now you've really got me soared."

"I'll go as high as the Minister!" "I'll come along."

"Al," groaned the butcher, "Gott im Himmel."

"We realize it's tough," he said gantly, "but such is life, Butchie. Expenses keep mounting. Not so long ago you could get a fairly decent sub-machinegun for twelve hundred pounds. Today it's twice that. And bribes? Only last year a senior official oset two thousand; now they're asking six, eight thousand net. A judge is twelve thousand! What can we do?"

In the end we agreed on two instalments - one down and the other on the last of the month. In exchange for that, Butch acquired the right to transport his own meat in his own truck to his own shop. The man hardly knew how to thank us. He was a nice guy, really. A bit highly strung, that's all. He sent us off with a dozen lambchops and a turkey each.

Chop story

Ephraim Kishon

trunkload?"

"By the load."

"Then from now on you'll pay monthly. Three hundred each first of the month."

"Three hundred?"

"That's the charge. Any idea how much it costs to maintain a maffe these days?"

"Sorry," the butcher said doggedly. "I only paid half that much before."

"That's what old Schlesinger said too, may his soul rest in peace."

butcher stepped back against the counter with blazing eyes:

"I... I... he stammered, "I'll apply to the Marketing Board!"

"Get wise!" Ervinke smiled. "That's what we're coming from."

"I'll complain to the Council!" "Like Beilgman did last Tuesday?" asked Ervinke with a slight frown. "You looking for trouble?"

"I'm a member of the Histadrut!"

"Aren't we all?" said Ervinke. "So?"

"I'll truck the meat myself!"

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"I'll truck the meat myself!"

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

MUSIC

All events start at 8.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

JERUSALEM PLAYERS - Shimon Rukhman, Daniel Fradkin, Albert Yoffe, Mark Carmi, Ehud Avihail, Wendy Elaler; with Chita Orenmayer. Programme of English Baroque music (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Sunday)

MUSICAL ENCOUNTER - between East and West - Giuseppe Anedda, mandolin; artist from Italy, and Mimor, the Oriental Music Consort, directed by Avraham Am-sag; classical music for mandolin, Oriental style. (Khan Music Centre, Elin Karom, Monday, 8.30 p.m.)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Lukas Foss conducting, with Lorin Hollander, piano, Rad Series No. 8. Works by Beethoven, Brahms, Dvorak. (Jerusalem Theatre, Tuesday)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Symphonie Concert No. 2 of Bernstein Festival - Leonard Bernstein conducting, with M. Kreuer, Florence Quivar, soprano; Michael Wager, speaker. "Rinat" National Choir, Jerusalem Academy Chamber Choir. "Baroni" Children's Choir - Bernstein. Serenade: "Kaddish" Symphony (Binyamin Ha'omah, Tuesday)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ENSEMBLE - Subscription Concert No. 5 - Luciano Berio conducting, with Helmut Holliger, oboe; Alide Mark, harp; Mira Zakai, Awer Siron, Eli Hildes, Ezer Reuvan, Works by Chodol, Bruckner, Gidon Levensch, Rosh (Jerusalem Theatre, Thursday)

ISRAEL WORK SOCIETY - Directed by Eli Feud, Works by Bach, Gabriel, Handel, with Netana Polinsky - contralto, Marlan Gede (Holland), violin (International Evang. Church, 55 Hanov'im, Sunday)

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

EVENING OF JAZZ - Dan Gottfried, piano, Aaron Kaminsky, drums, Victor Petrov, bass. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 44 Bezeel, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

INDIAN CLASSICAL DANCE - (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 44 Bezeel, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

ISRAELI FOLKLORE - With the Hora dance group, (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

ADAM AND EVEL - Musical comedy by Yoram Ofeen. (Teavia, 30 Ibn Gvriol, Monday at 8 p.m.)

LA BOHEME - Avi Totadano sings the songs of Charles Ananour (Teavia, 30 Ibn Gvriol, tonight at 8.30 and midnight)

HAGANASH HARIVEE FESTIVAL - Humorous sketches by the comedy trio (Beit Carmi, 14 Weizmann, tonight at 8.30; Bat Dor Theatre, 30 Ibn Gvriol, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

MATTI CAFFI - Sings songs and plays his fiddle. (Teavia, 30 Ibn Gvriol, Sunday at 10.30 p.m.)

Haifa

MUSICAL PRAYERS FOR PESACH HOLIDAY - Cantors Alimash Ronnes and Aharon Kiehlman. Yitabak Hillman, piano. (Municipality Building, Rehov Shukri, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

MY COUNTRY, I'VE RIDICULED YOU - (Kiryat Yam, Nitzan, Sunday at 9.15 p.m.; Ayelet Hasbehar, Monday at 9.15 p.m.; Tiberias, Chon, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT - (Holot, Rina, tonight at 8.30)

DANCE

BAT DOR DANCE COMPANY - Couples (Rudi Van Dastig); Adagio (Charles Czorny); 24 Bare Feet (Charles Czorny); The Waltz (Michael Deconby); (Tel Aviv, Bat Dor Theatre, 30 Ibn Gvriol, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

BAT SHEVA DANCE COMPANY - The Great Ventriloquist

Tel Aviv

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Subscription Concert No. 5 - Details as for Jerusalem. (Beit Ha'hayal - Weizmann and Plinius, Series 1: Monday; Series 2: Tuesday; Series 3: Wednesday)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Details as for Jerusalem (Mann Auditorium, Monday)

SECONO ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN PIANO COMPETITION - First stage in which each contestant plays a one-hour recital (Tel Aviv Museum, Heenah Auditorium, Monday through Thursday 8.30 a.m.-12.30 a.m.; 3.30 p.m.-7 p.m.)

BIN OEV PASSOVER FESTIVAL at the ESCO Music Centre

"TROUBLE IN TAHITI" - fully staged, and selections from "West Side Story," "On the Town," "Wonderful Town," and "Mass," performed by the Indiana University Chamber Opera Theatre, conductor: Mark Janos; stage director: Robin Thompson; choreography: Barry Phillips (Sunday at 9 p.m.)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA - Lukas Foss conducting, with Lorin Hollander, piano - works by Paros ("En Oey") 1: Beethoven (Piano Concerto No. 3; Brahms (Symphony No. 3) - (Monday at 8 p.m.)

BAT DOR DANCE COMPANY - Ballets by Alvin Ailey, Gene Hill Sagan, Miral Sharon and Anthony Tudor (Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA - Leonard Bernstein conducting, with M. Kreuer, violin; Florence Quivar, soprano; Michael Wager, speaker. "Rinat" National Choir, Jerusalem Academy Chamber Choir; "Baroni" Children's Choir - Bernstein. Serenade: "Symphony No. 2 'Kaddish'" (Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

OVATION - New Programme (Thursday at 8 p.m.)

MY COUNTRY, I'VE RIDICULED YOU - Musical comedy with Oadl Yagil, written by Dan Almagor, Dani Ravich, Yossi Segal, Dudu Topas and Yonatan Gefen. (Beit Arlosoroff, 6 Bezeel, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

BONOS OF DAVID ZEHAVI - (Teavia, 30 Ibn Gvriol, Wednesday at 10.30 p.m.)

BONOS OF NATAN YONATAN - (Teavia, 30 Ibn Gvriol, Tuesday at 10.30 p.m.)

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT - With Ily Gertlsky, Yona Alari, Nitzan Arlosoroff, 6 Bezeel, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.

ISRAELI FOLKLORE - With the Hora dance group, (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

MUSICAL PRAYERS FOR PESACH HOLIDAY - Cantors Alimash Ronnes and Aharon Kiehlman. Yitabak Hillman, piano. (Municipality Building, Rehov Shukri, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

MY COUNTRY, I'VE RIDICULED YOU - (Kiryat Yam, Nitzan, Sunday at 9.15 p.m.; Ayelet Hasbehar, Monday at 9.15 p.m.; Tiberias, Chon, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT - (Holot, Rina, tonight at 8.30)

THE NELYAN Orchestra. (Jerusalem Theatre, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

THE KIBITZ DANCE ENSEMBLE - Works by Shari, Mikayam-Ronen, Oren. (Gvriol, Monday at 8.15 p.m.)

OPERA

ISRAEL NATIONAL OPERA



Left to right: Naftali Wagner, Jonathan Herson, Avinoam Caspi in the children's cabaret show 'Tzavta Stories.'

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

EACH IN HIS OWN WAY - Luigi Pirandello's 1924 play translated by Leah Goldberg and directed by Yitabak Hillman. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 44 Bezeel, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE EMIGRANTS - A bitter, searing story of two emigrants from a communist country, a peasant who left to make money and an intellectual who escaped to write a book on freedom but lost the urge. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Tuesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

AN ISRAELI IN AMERICA - Satirical comedy written by Elie Sagie about an Israeli seeking his fortune in America, with Ya'acov Boko, Oshik Levi, Rachel Dayan, Shmuel Kaldoren, Marina Rosset and Avi Hoffman. Produced by the Liliab Theatre. (Binyamin Ha'omah, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

SERVANT OF TWO MASTERS - (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

WALL-TO-WALL LAUGHTER - The Times Theatre's musical satire on Israeli society. (Binyamin Ha'omah, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

ALL MY SONS - Arthur Miller's play about World War II profiteers, produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Cameri, 101 Disengoff, Sunday at 8.30 p.m. and Thursday at 4 p.m.)

CASPAR - Peter Handke's play about the evils of civilisation represented by speech, an excellent production by the Alternative Theatre, directed by Motie Sandak, with a remarkable performance by Asher Zarfaty in the title role. (Teavia, 30 Ibn Gvriol, Tuesday at 8 p.m.)

WALL-TO-WALL LAUGHTER - (Barbaro Centre, 185 Darosh Hagayim, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF - A revival of Edward Albee's play about a married couple united by mutual hatred, presented by the Habimah Theatre. Though the edges of the famous dialogue are slightly blunted, the play retains its life and the climactic scenes carry terrific impact. Fina settling under the direction of Y. Kalus, (Habimah's Small Hall, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE TRAVELLING PORT - Produced by the Habimah Theatre. (Habimah's Small Hall, Wednesday and Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

WALL-TO-WALL LAUGHTER - (Barbaro Centre, 185 Darosh Hagayim, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

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WALL-TO-WALL LAUGHTER - (Barbaro Centre, 185 Darosh Hagayim, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

FANSHAN - Joint Cameri and Khan production based on the book by William Flinn which attempts to trace the roots of the Chinese revolution. Directed by Hagan Sht. (Teavia, 30 Ibn Gvriol, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETSUAN - Brecht's play, translated by Shimon Sand-bank, about the suffering of a good woman destined to live in a corrupt town of sinners. (Habimah's Large Hall, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

AN ISRAELI IN AMERICA - (Oel, Beit Arlosoroff, 6 Bezeel, Sunday at 7.45 and 8.45 p.m.; Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

LOVE - By Shalom Aleichem. With Odeon Shemer (Teavia, 30 Ibn Gvriol, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

MOONCHILDREN - A group of American students in the Sixties, approaching the end of their course, wonder what the next stage in their lives will be. A Cameri Theatre production. (Habimah's Small Hall, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

OTHER WISE ENOAOED - A clever, sophisticated but essentially empty comedy, by Simon Gray, about a man who wants to spend the afternoon listening to music, but is beset by other people's problems. (Cameri, 101 Disengoff, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

SERVANT OF TWO MASTERS - (Bat Dor Theatre, 30 Ibn Gvriol, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE SEVENTH SEAL - Written by Ingmar Bergman. Translated by Amira Polan and directed by Simha Factor. Performed by the Alternative Group. (Teavia, 30 Ibn Gvriol, Wednesday at 8 p.m.)

TEMPORARY WEDDING - Comedy by Uta Liliab Theatre, with Gabi Amrani and Eyal Barak. (Beit Ha'hayal, Weizmann and Plinius, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)

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PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP

WHAT'S ON

Notices are accepted for this column at the rate of \$15.00 per line including VAT; publication daily over a period of a month costs \$124.00 per line including VAT. Ads are accepted at offices of The Jerusalem Post and at all recognized advertising agencies.

Plant a Tree in Israel with Your Own Hands - free tours for planters to the hills of Judea leave every Monday and Wednesday from Jerusalem and every Tuesday from Tel Aviv. For details and registration please call **Visitors' Department**: Keren Kinyemet Lelalel Jewish National Fund; in Jerusalem, King George Ave., corner Rehov Keren Kayemet Tel. 62-26261. In Tel Aviv, 66 Rehov Hayarkon, opp. Dan Hotel, Tel. 02-234446.

Jerusalem CONDUCTED TOURS
Hadasah Tours
1. Medical Centre at 8.30 a.m., 11.00 a.m., 12.15 p.m. and 3.00 p.m. Last tour on Friday at 12.15 p.m. Kennedy Building. No charge. Buses 10 and 27.
2. Mt. Scopus Hospital: Tours 8.30 a.m., 1.00 p.m. No charge. Buses 9 and 22. Tel. 618111.

3. Morning half-day tour of all Hadasah projects. \$4 per person towards transportation. By reservation only. Tel. 410328.
NO TOURS TODAY - Brov Pessah.
American Jewish Women, Gunt Tours - Jerusalem - Tel. 521008, 222850.

Hebrew University, tours in English at 9 and 11 a.m. from Administration Building. Olivat Ram Campus, Mount Scopus tours 11.30 a.m. from the Merit Buber Building, Buses 9 and 22. School of Education bus stop. Further details: Tel. 36120.
NO TOURS OF THE Olivat Ram and Mt. Scopus Hebrew University campuses to

day.
Tourists and visitors come and see the General Israel Orphan Home for Girls, Jerusalem, and its manifold activities and its modern building. Free guided tours weekdays between 10-4. Bus No. 6 Kinyemet Tel. 528701.
American Peilim. Tours of youth projects and Peilim-founded educational institutions. Tel. 02-521453, 9 a.m.-2 p.m.
Emunah-World Religious Jewish Women's Organization. Headquarters: 26 Rehov Ben Maimon. Tel. 02-52468, 30260, 111638.
Ein Karem Targ Music Centre, Monday, April 4, at 8.30 p.m. An exceptional musical happening, a musical duel between Giuseppe Anedda - classical mandolin - western repertoire, and Avi Amichai's oriental group, traditional Middle East music.

MISCELLANEOUS
Jerusalem Biblical Zoo, Schneller Wood, Hamaia, Tel. 523272, 7.30 a.m. dusk.
Jerusalem Wildlife and Botanical. The only Jewellers in Israel with a worldwide guarantee. H. Stern Jewellers. Duty and tax free.

Tel Aviv CONDUCTED TOURS
American Jewish Women, Gunt Tours - Tel Aviv - Tel. 520197, 241008.
Emunah - World Religious Jewish Women's Organization. "Kamel," 160 Ibn Givoli, Tel. 440374, 788942.
World Wine Tourist Office, 116 Rehov Hayarkon. Tel. 232938, 5 a.m.-2 p.m.

ART GUIDE

Notices are accepted for this column at the rate of \$15.00 per line including VAT; publication every Friday over a period of a month costs \$124.00 per line including VAT. Ads are accepted at offices of The Jerusalem Post and at all recognized advertising agencies.

Jerusalem
Israel Museum Exhibitions: Dr. Sili: Jacques Carrière - Objets d'Art; Dr. Sili: New Acquisitions in the Department of Prints and Drawings: Chava Epstein, Baria and Pictorial; Our People at Work 1877, Elman, Eshel-Garshuni, Jewelry: Christo, Wrapped Coast: Mesopotamia. At the Rockefeller: Roman mosaic pavement from Nabulus, 6th-4th cent. C.E. Special Exhibition: Mosaic floor with Mithras, 5th cent. C.E.; Jewellery from a Roman tomb, Jerusalem, late 2nd/early 3rd cent. C.E. Visiting hours: Israel Museum & Rockefeller: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Tue., Shrine of the Book & Bible Rose Art Garden: 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Israel Museum 4 p.m.-10 p.m.; Rockefeller: Sun., Thurs., 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; Israel Museum & Rockefeller: Fri., Sat., 10 a.m.-2 p.m. Tickets for Saturdays must be purchased in advance at the Museum, Tel Aviv, and throughout the country and at major hotels in Jerusalem. Library open: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10 a.m.-4 p.m.; Tue., 10 a.m.-4 p.m.; Fri., 10 a.m.-2 p.m.

SPECIAL VISITING HOURS: Tue., Apr. 5, Robert Crown free day, Israel Museum.

10 a.m.-4 p.m. Rookfeller, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. FREE GUIDED TOURS (English) Sun. and Wed., 11 a.m. from upper entrance hall, main entrance.

GALLERIES
Gallerie Vines Nouvelle, Y. and S. Hantel, Khatai, Magdalen, original prints by contemporary European artists. Tel. 02-510844, 280021.

Tel Aviv MUSEUMS
Tel Aviv Museum, 27 Sderot Shaul Hamelech: Aviva Uri, drawings, a tribute to Sam Zucka, drawings, paintings, sculpture from the collection of Sam and Ayala Zucka, Helena Rubinstein Pavilion, 0 Rehov Targ: "Gypsies" photographs, Josef Koudelka: Work of designer Dan Reisinger, 1967-78.

Visiting hours: Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs., 10 a.m.-4 p.m. (Library 10 a.m.-4 p.m.); Tue., 10 a.m.-1 p.m., 4-10 p.m. (Library 10 a.m.-4 p.m., 4-7 p.m.); Friday, 10 a.m.-2 p.m. (Library 10 a.m.-4 p.m.), Sat. 10 a.m.-2 p.m.

Cecilia
Vest Gila Gallery, Old City, Tel. 003-50450, for really beautiful oil paintings and water colours.

Qendian Hadasah-Wise Otton, 116 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel. 527080, 8 a.m.-2 p.m. Pioneer Women - Na'ama. Free morning tours, Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, by appointment. Call Tel. 20111, ext. 260, Tel. Aviv.

Magen David Adon in Israel Headquarters, 80 Rehov Ohorot Israel, Tel Aviv, Visitors - Please call 26222 between 8.00 a.m. and 2.00 p.m. to arrange visits to our Central Blood Bank in Jaffa and for information regarding other Magen David Adon installations.
ORT Israel: For visits please contact: ORT Tel Aviv, Tel. 233281, 702201-2; ORT Jerusalem, Tel. 233078; ORT Netanya, Tel. 29222.
Tel Aviv University, Escherted Tours, Call Guest Section, Tel. 08-42274, 10 a.m.-12 noon for appointment.

MISCELLANEOUS
Tel Aviv Halls. The only Jewellers in Israel with a worldwide guarantee. H. Stern Jewellers. Duty and tax free.

Haifa
"AF-AL-PI" Migal Immigration & Naval Museum, 204 Allenby Rd. Bus. & Tues. 8.00-4.00 p.m.; Mon. & Thurs. 9.00 a.m.-8.00 p.m.; Wed. 8.30-3.30 p.m.; Fri. 9.00 a.m.-1.00 p.m. Sat. closed.
Bethov
Weissmann Institute of Science - Conducted tours, Sun. to Fri. at 10.30 a.m., starting from the lobby of the Stone Administration Building.

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TEL AVIV HILTON

israel film archive - jerusalem cinemathèque

Leonard Bernstein Festival
Navels into films

Fri., 14, 8.00 p.m.	WEST SIDE STORY - Robert Wise
Sat., 14, 7.00 p.m.	DAS LEID VON DER BRIDE - Conductor: Leonard Bernstein
Sun., 14, 7.00 p.m.	ON THE WATERFRONT - Elia Kazan
Mon., 14, 7.00 p.m.	REBIRTH - Conductor: Leonard Bernstein
Tue., 14, 7.00 p.m.	THE CANTABURY TALE - Pasolini
Wed., 14, 7.00 p.m.	THE GRAVES OF WRATH - John Ford
Thurs., 14, 7.00 p.m.	HUNGER - Henning Carlsen (1)
Fri., 14, 7.00 p.m.	THE FOUR MUSKETEERS - Richard Lester

(1) Danish - Hebrew subtitles.
Scheduling: M. Shalev, Auditorium, 100 Rehov Hayarkon, Tel Aviv

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Fri. 10 p.m.-12 p.m.

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FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
<p>EDUCATIONAL: 16.00 Programme for kindergartners. 16.30 News. 16.45 News. 17.00 News. 17.15 News. 17.30 News. 17.45 News. 18.00 News. 18.15 News. 18.30 News. 18.45 News. 19.00 News. 19.15 News. 19.30 News. 19.45 News. 20.00 News. 20.15 News. 20.30 News. 20.45 News. 21.00 News. 21.15 News. 21.30 News. 21.45 News. 22.00 News. 22.15 News. 22.30 News. 22.45 News. 23.00 News. 23.15 News. 23.30 News. 23.45 News. 24.00 News.</p>	<p>EDUCATIONAL: 16.00 Programme for kindergartners. 16.30 News. 16.45 News. 17.00 News. 17.15 News. 17.30 News. 17.45 News. 18.00 News. 18.15 News. 18.30 News. 18.45 News. 19.00 News. 19.15 News. 19.30 News. 19.45 News. 20.00 News. 20.15 News. 20.30 News. 20.45 News. 21.00 News. 21.15 News. 21.30 News. 21.45 News. 22.00 News. 22.15 News. 22.30 News. 22.45 News. 23.00 News. 23.15 News. 23.30 News. 23.45 News. 24.00 News.</p>	<p>EDUCATIONAL: 16.00 Programme for kindergartners. 16.30 News. 16.45 News. 17.00 News. 17.15 News. 17.30 News. 17.45 News. 18.00 News. 18.15 News. 18.30 News. 18.45 News. 19.00 News. 19.15 News. 19.30 News. 19.45 News. 20.00 News. 20.15 News. 20.30 News. 20.45 News. 21.00 News. 21.15 News. 21.30 News. 21.45 News. 22.00 News. 22.15 News. 22.30 News. 22.45 News. 23.00 News. 23.15 News. 23.30 News. 23.45 News. 24.00 News.</p>	<p>EDUCATIONAL: 16.00 Programme for kindergartners. 16.30 News. 16.45 News. 17.00 News. 17.15 News. 17.30 News. 17.45 News. 18.00 News. 18.15 News. 18.30 News. 18.45 News. 19.00 News. 19.15 News. 19.30 News. 19.45 News. 20.00 News. 20.15 News. 20.30 News. 20.45 News. 21.00 News. 21.15 News. 21.30 News. 21.45 News. 22.00 News. 22.15 News. 22.30 News. 22.45 News. 23.00 News. 23.15 News. 23.30 News. 23.45 News. 24.00 News.</p>	<p>EDUCATIONAL: 16.00 Programme for kindergartners. 16.30 News. 16.45 News. 17.00 News. 17.15 News. 17.30 News. 17.45 News. 18.00 News. 18.15 News. 18.30 News. 18.45 News. 19.00 News. 19.15 News. 19.30 News. 19.45 News. 20.00 News. 20.15 News. 20.30 News. 20.45 News. 21.00 News. 21.15 News. 21.30 News. 21.45 News. 22.00 News. 22.15 News. 22.30 News. 22.45 News. 23.00 News. 23.15 News. 23.30 News. 23.45 News. 24.00 News.</p>	<p>EDUCATIONAL: 16.00 Programme for kindergartners. 16.30 News. 16.45 News. 17.00 News. 17.15 News. 17.30 News. 17.45 News. 18.00 News. 18.15 News. 18.30 News. 18.45 News. 19.00 News. 19.15 News. 19.30 News. 19.45 News. 20.00 News. 20.15 News. 20.30 News. 20.45 News. 21.00 News. 21.15 News. 21.30 News. 21.45 News. 22.00 News. 22.15 News. 22.30 News. 22.45 News. 23.00 News. 23.15 News. 23.30 News. 23.45 News. 24.00 News.</p>	<p>EDUCATIONAL: 16.00 Programme for kindergartners. 16.30 News. 16.45 News. 17.00 News. 17.15 News. 17.30 News. 17.45 News. 18.00 News. 18.15 News. 18.30 News. 18.45 News. 19.00 News. 19.15 News. 19.30 News. 19.45 News. 20.00 News. 20.15 News. 20.30 News. 20.45 News. 21.00 News. 21.15 News. 21.30 News. 21.45 News. 22.00 News. 22.15 News. 22.30 News. 22.45 News. 23.00 News. 23.15 News. 23.30 News. 23.45 News. 24.00 News.</p>

مكتبة الأصل

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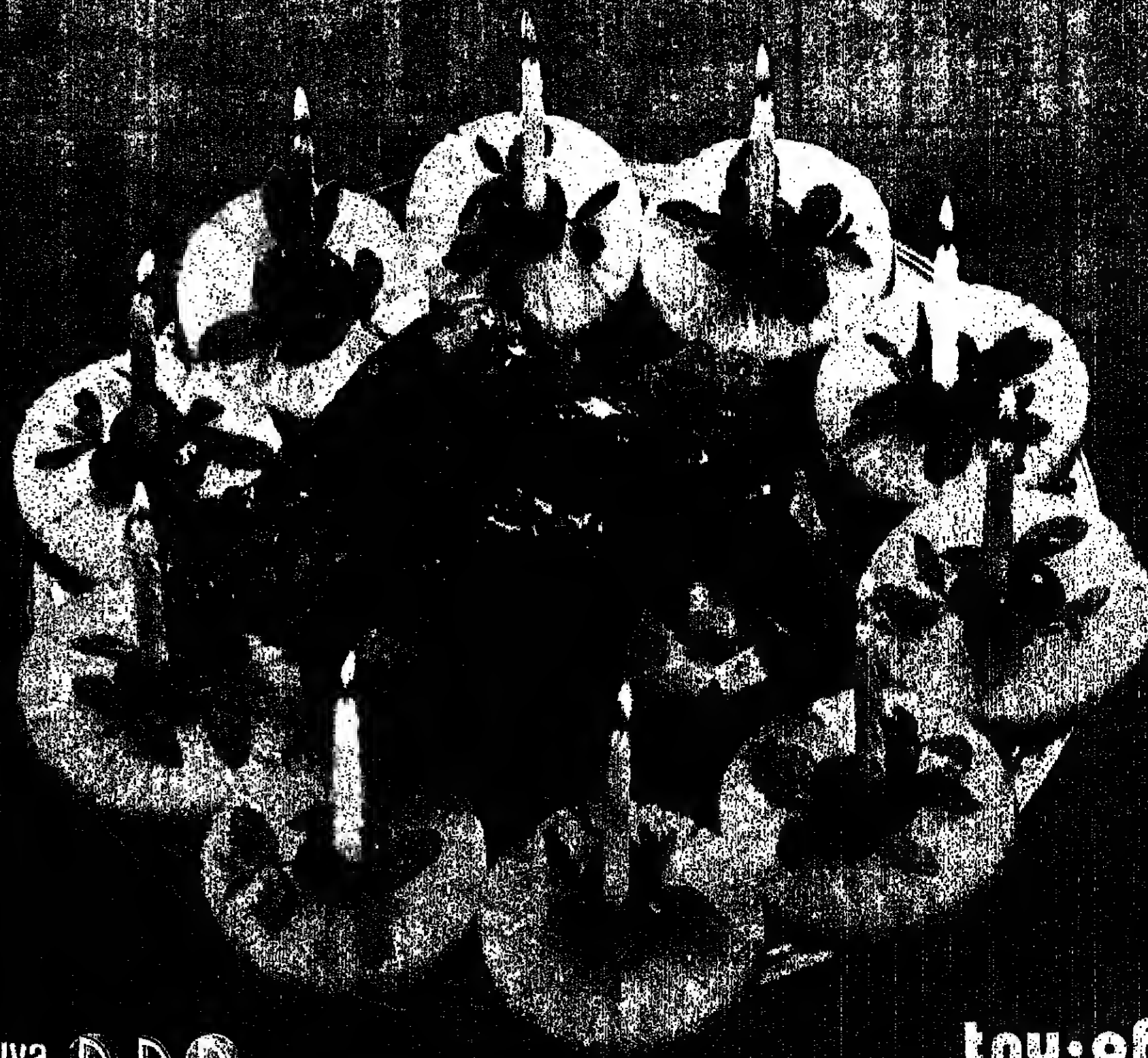
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הכזא מן الأصل

ICE-COLD MACCABEE BEER! THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT!

NEW BULLETINS

Every hour on the hour, from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m., a special bulletin is broadcast in easy Hebrew, English and Arabic. The program is broadcast every hour on the hour, from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. (from 8 a.m. to 11 p.m. on weekdays).

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ELLIOTT GOULD
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2nd week
THE BIG STORE

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Cousin Cousine
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Herzliya

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MARATHON MAN
7, 9.10

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JAMES CAAN
No comp. tickets
Perfs.: 8.45, 9.00 only

MOSES

A "Seven Stars" release
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MOSES

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MOSES

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הכרזה מן האוכל

Ramat Gan Cinemas

Commencing Sunday, April 3, 1977

ARION Tel. 720706
ESCAPE TO THE WITCH MOUNTAIN
4, 7, 15, 9:30

HADAR Tel. 728922
3rd week

A Thief from a Thief is Innocent

REEV REVAH
JACK COHEN
7, 15, 9:30

ORDEA Tel. 721720

3rd week

Operation Thunderbolt

4, 7, 9:30

OASIS

4th week

NINA

LISA MINELLI
INGRID BERGMAN
4, 7, 15, 9

LILA

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

ERNEST LUBITSCH'S
outstanding suspense comedy
CAROLE LOMBARD
JACK HENRY
7, 15, 9:30
Mats. at 4:
Zanani Family

RAMAT GAN

2nd week

7, 15, 9:30

LOUIS DE FUNES

L'AILE OU LA CUISSE

No invitations or reductions

Mats. 4:30

L'AILE OU LA CUISSE

LOUIS DE FUNES

RAMA Tel. 721912

SWEDISH GIRL

7, 15, 9:30

Mon. & Wed. also at 4 p.m.

SWEDISH GIRL



Tim Conway, Don Knotts and Harry Morgan in the new Walt Disney production, 'The Apple Dumpling Gang.'

FILMS IN BRIEF

THE APPLE DUMPLING GANG — Story of three youngsters who find gold and strike it rich, starting a ghost town gold rush.

THE RIO STORE — 1941 Marx Bros comedy in which Groucho plays a detective whose task is to investigate a department store belonging to a crook (Douglas Dumbrille). Not one of their best.

BLACKBOARD GHOST — 1967 hilarious Walt Disney comedy, with Peter Ustinov as the ghost.

BUFFALO BILL AND THE INDIANS — Old fashioned Wild West about the legendary Buffalo Bill Cody, giving behind the scenes view of the Wild West Show. Stars Paul Newman, Joel Grey, Burt Lancaster, Geraldine Chapman. Directed by Robert Altman.

COUSIN, COUSIN — Light, whimsical domestic comedy, not important but agreeable with some well observed detail. Directed by Jean-Charles Tscholl with Marie-Christine Barrault, Mario-Franco Piller and Victor Lanoux. In French.

DR. ZIVAGO — Touching story based on Boris Pasternak's novel about an upper-class doctor (Omar Sharif) who becomes involved with the revolutionaries. Set in the pre-revolutionary period. Also stars Julie Christie, Rod Taylor and Geraldine Chaplin. Beautifully filmed.

ESCAPE TO WITCH MOUNTAIN — Walt Disney fantasy about two orphans who possess supernatural powers. Plenty of special effects.

THE FORTUNE COOKIN — Comedy directed by Billy Wilder with Jack Lemmon as a TV photographer who gets involved in the process of covering a football game.

ISLAND ON TOP OF THE WORLD — Adventure story about Arctic explorers who find an unknown island inhabited by lost Vikings and in so doing become the first conquerors of the North Pole. A Walt Disney production.

I WILL, I WILL... FOR NOW — Farce comedy. Many. With Elliott Gould and Diane Keaton.

THE MAOIST FLUTE — Ingmar Bergman's adaptation of the Mozart opera takes a mostly a joy, full of sparkle and streaking the fairy-tale quality of this complicated

allegory of the fight between good and evil. Musical performance and acting are of high standard. Not to be missed.

MARATHON MAN — A Jewish student in New York gets entangled in financial and political intrigue concerning another former concentration camp commander. Adapted by William Goldman from his own best-selling book. Directed by John Schlesinger.

NASHVILLE — Dazzling country-western musical in which Nashville represents another Hollywood. Robert Altman, who produced and directed the film, focuses on both the positive and the negative aspects of the American Dream — the obsession with materialism and celebrity beneath the glittering surface.

NETWORK — Examines TV's ability to influence and brainwash while depicting people struggling for power in running a major American network. Involves a TV politician (Faye Dunaway), a top executive, and Robert De Niro, a top network officer.

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST — Based on Ken Kesey's novel about an insane man's (Jack Nicholson) revolt against the system in a lunatic asylum. Jack Nicholson and Louise Fletcher (his nurse) received Academy Awards for their performances.

OPERATION THUNDERBOLT — The Israeli-made film of the Entebbe rescue mission directed by Menachem Golan. This one secret real Israeli including some familiar Cabinet faces. Fast paced and more convincing than the previous version.

THE PINK PANTHER STRIKES AGAIN — Peter Sellers is great as Chief Inspector Clouseau saving the world, but the script writers run out of ideas in the third of the series about the incompetent but lucky French detective.

POCKET MONEY — A series of sketches about children at a school in a small town in the centre of France which takes one into the funny and sad and sometimes disconcerting world of childhood. Director Francois Truffaut goes satirically natural performance from his young cast and even those who do not usually care for child actors or films about children will find this picture worthwhile. In French.

THE RUSSIAN ARE COMING, THE RUSSIAN ARE COMING — Norman Jewison's hilarious comedy about a Russian submarine that comes too close to America. With Carl Reiner, Eysa Marie Saint, Alan Arkin.

SCENES FROM A MARRIAGE — Ingmar

Bergman's remarkable study of an intimate relationship with a magical performance by Liv Ullmann and fine acting by Erland Josephson as her husband. These hours viewing that keeps the viewer's attention rivetted throughout.

SEVEN NIGHTS IN JAPAN — Light comedy about the escapades in Japan of a European prince (Michael York) and his sad romance with a Japanese girl (Hideki Aoki).

SILENT MOVIE — Truly alien, not a word spoken in this hysterical comedy directed by Mel Brooks who also stars as a director trying to make a silent movie in Hollywood. Mad going on with his buddies Marty Feldman and Dom DeLuise.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE — Release of Ernst Lubitsch's 1942 black comedy about an acting troupe which gets involved in international affairs in wartime Poland. Starring Jack Benny and Carol Lombard. Witty and acting still impact making. A release well worth seeing.

Special film showings

GINZAFOPE — Experimental film. Jerusalem, Pargod Pocket Theatre, 11 Bessal, Tuesday at 8:30.

PAPER MOON — Whimsical, charming story of a con man travelling salesman (Ryan O'Neal) and the tough wife (Faye Dunaway) who is his partner in crime. A hard to produce and his accountant (Gene Wilder) who try to produce the worst musical ever made in a complicated plot to make a fortune. (Jerusalem, 11 Bessal, Tuesday at 8:30).

THE PRODUCERS — The unbelievable story of Mel Brooks in this comedy about a hard to produce and his accountant (Gene Wilder) who try to produce the worst musical ever made in a complicated plot to make a fortune. (Jerusalem, 11 Bessal, Tuesday at 8:30).

THE STORY OF ADELE H. — Truffaut's film — based on the journal of Victor Hugo's daughter Adele who pursues a Casanova-type English officer to his post in Halifax and Barbados — is a study of obsession and passion, with Isabelle Adjani in the title role. (Jerusalem Theatre, today at 2:30).

WEST SIDE STORY — Based on the Broadway show — an update of Romeo and Juliet in the slums of 1950s New York — with music by Leonard Bernstein. With Natalie Wood, George Chakiris and Rita Moreno. (Jerusalem Cinema, today at 2:30).

Life — wild and otherwise

TO STRIKE a cheerful note for a change, and just in time for spring and the season of burgeoning things: how fortunate it is that Mr. Reuben Gross of New York doesn't have to read Teva v'Arts, or the English version, Israel — Land and Nature. I am assuming, of course, that he doesn't. If, by chance, he does, better must be his cup.

Outraged by the abortion bill here, Mr. Gross, as senior vice-president of the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations of America, wrote a letter to The Post which appeared on March 10; its next-to-final climax puts in their place those who, in not opposing abortions, become "inevitably... calloused toward human life" and end up in "maudlin sympathy for animals, wild life and trees." The logic does not quite push on to "Communists are sentimental eat-livers," but the germ is there.

The spring issue of Israel — Land and Nature, which I hope Mr. Gross has been spared, has the juicy pink coroll on the cover and a thoughtful tree frog on the inside cover. The back, in glorious red, black, yellow, and white stripes, and looking much better than those horrible socks now in fashion, has a great photo of the milkweed hawkmoth whose Hebrew name alone is a quite intoxicating — Rafay haholovius.

This quarterly journal of the Society for the Protection of Nature in Israel, in English, includes translations from the Hebrew bi-monthly publication and is full of details on God's nature gathered by observant (in

Helga Dudman



the sense of what is going on around them) Israel. Maudlin? Well, certainly not "maudlinly sentimental, especially of fearful stage of drunkenness": the S.P.N.I. people, from editor Azaria Alon on, are not all necessarily to be gathered in Mr. Gross' wide net of pro-abortionists.

Still, I hope he has been spared the spring issue's report by, for instance, Lea Flischman, who has been watching a deprived white-crowned black wheatear in Sinai instead of seeing for many, many children somewhere else. Ma Flischman, a field guide in South Sinai, spent weeks observing

Hahafah, a particular wheatear (a songbird the size of a thrush. In Hebrew its black belly is emphasized and it is called shchorat bafes) named after the three "hets" on his leg identification ring.

HAHATAH, I learned (and quite as happily as I learn about the Hishadru) had a difficult childhood. He wanted to stay in the nest with his parents after his siblings, more properly mature, had flown off. So his parents "pecked and kicked" poor Hahatah until he left home.

In Orthodox circles, birds and bees are at least permissible for pointing useful morals, so we might say, "How disgusting, how birdlike, how unlike the Jewish family."

But wait, like the grey goose and unlike the human species, so'll shchorat bafes seems to like to mate for life, and wheatear couples "stay together in one territory for years until one of them dies or is driven out by an outsider." Can you say so much for most people you know?

Hahatah, Ma. Flischman reports, met a neighbour's daughter after a lonely spring and went through the traditional wheatear courtship, which is not simple. But she went away. Then, as happens the world over, another female turned up, "and by the middle of March was building their nest." Whatears, I am grieved to say, lay only two to four eggs. Each season, that is.

THE JOURNAL also reports the unusual co-existence of a caracal with five gazelles, as observed by one of those calloused and at the same time maudlin soldiers serving on the Jordanian border. And there is a note on the Society's defence of the badger, a protected wild animal and adorable, as surely many an anti-abortionist

would admit if faced with its little black-and-white striped muzzle. Orthodox Hishadru, however, poison n't trip hedges with foot clanky. The Nature Reserves Authority confiscated 150 hodge polts at a Nahal tannery. In a victory of Israeli sentimentality over traditional Arab values.

Badger trapping is nearly in the class of bludgeoning baby seals in Canada, which a reader in Jerusalem telephoned me about. She had seen the sight on television, and The Post carried a photograph of the practice. Considerably agitated, she hoped that Israel would write to the Canadian Minister of the Environment to protest this cruelty.

I have no idea about, or interest in, this Jerusalem reader's stand on abortion, but I am ready to guarantee that her concern for human beings is in no way diminished by her concern for other living things. In fact, to many the two seem organically related.

People arrive at their attitudes toward life, human and otherwise, as the result of many, many circumstances — hereditary, environmental, intellectual, emotional, economic, theological, mortal, fashionable, indefinable; and the various contributors to Israel — Land and Nature come to their various enthusiasms from all sorts of viewpoints.

Amotz Cohen, for instance, an octogenarian biology teacher in Jerusalem, quotes the Bible and the Talmud in his piece on "fret-ripe figs." His views are probably quite different from those of Dr. Raymond Coleman, who writes about our vanishing frogs and toads and is senior lecturer at the Haifa Medical School.

Dr. Coleman explains how tadpoles become frogs, and why the former are so much bigger than what they turn into; and although he and I and Mr. Gross may well

have three wildly different views of the centrality, or non-centrality, of man's place in the universe, at least he certainly doesn't think the frog's place is solely in the laboratory. Our amphibians are being wiped out by land drainage, building, and poisoning, and this, Dr. Coleman thinks, is too bad if only for practical reasons of mosquito control.

MR. GROSS quotes Locke and Jefferson; and the latter in defence of orthodoxy sounds funny to me; but one quotes whom one will. Mark Twain is regularly quoted these days by militant nationalists to prove how empty the land of Israel was a hundred years ago. They choose to quote Innocent's Abroad, and stay away from the uncanonized Mark Twain, unpublished in his lifetime.

In his Papers of the Adam Family, we have Mark Twain on Adam and Eve as nowhere else, complete even with the morphology of tadpoles. "Year 3. Early in July, Adam noticed that a fish in the pond was developing legs," Eve writes in her diary. "It was a tadpole. We watched it with great interest, for if the legs did really mature, it was our purpose to develop them in other fishes, so that they could come out and walk around and have more liberty. We often had been troubled about those poor creatures, always wet and uncomfortable..."

There's pre-Fall maudlin oymathy for you, and I recommend Mark Twain's anti-orthodoxy, as edited by Bernard DeVoto, to one and all.

Membership of the Society for the Protection of Nature costs IL50 a year, and this includes the journal and tours and outings, many of them suitable for Sabbath observers. The address is 4 Hashfela St., Tel Aviv 101: 03/66183. □

Jerusalem Cinemas

Commencing Sunday, April 3, 1977

ARNON Tel. 224920
3rd week
Wall Disney
The Island at the Top of the World

EDEN Tel. 223820

3rd week
Menachem Golan's
MOVIE

OPERATION THUNDERBOLT
Saturday 8:45-9:15
Weekdays 4-4:15-5:15

HADIRAH Tel. 282560

Presented from 8:47
at 4, 7, 9:30
ISRAELI PREMIERE
★ BURT LANCASTER
★ ANTHONY QUAYE
★ INGRID THULIN
★ IRENE PAPA
★ LAURENT TERZIEFF



MOSES
A "Seven Stars" release
OFFICIAL ADVERTISEMENT

JERUSALEM

BARRY LYNDON

RYAN O'NEAL
MARISA BELENKIN
4 and 8 p.m.

ORNA Tel. 224788

2nd week
4-4:30-5:30
BARBRA STREISAND
KRIS KRISTOFFERSON
in a musical drama
A STAR IS BORN

EDISON Tel. 224066

Sunday 7-9
Weekdays 4-7-9
A treat for the holiday!
Two great stars together in
the dramatic Turkish love
story

BIR AYAYA GELEMEYIZ
with JULYA KOOSIT
and the great singer
GHANIM OMARAY
in color

MITCHELL

5th week
A Thief from a Thief is Innocent

REEV REVAH
JACK COHEN
7-9
Wednesday also at 4:00

ORGL Tel. 284178

2nd week
PETER BERKELEY
in detective comedy.
Inspector Clouseau...
Interpol's secret weapon...
The Pink Panther Strikes Again

ORION Tel. 222014

in his hilarious comedy...
L'AILE OU LA CUISSE

RON Tel. 284704

2nd week
FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT's
POCKET MONEY

SEMDAR Tel. 284704

2nd week
SHARON TATUM
TAXI DRIVER

Know your sign

"EVEN the beneficiary of a miracle does not recognize the miracle that has happened to him," the Talmud aptly remarks on human nature (Nidda, 31a).

Incidentally, the Hebrew word for miracle, "nass," which features so prominently in the Passover story, does not really mean supernatural prodigy or magical event — the sense in which it is generally used. It means "sign" or "indicator," which natural events can be to those who know how to read them.

We have all experienced the truth of this remark in our individual lives, and the Jews as a people know the truth of it from the Exodus story. The author of the Bible is not ashamed to record that no sooner had we been liberated from Egypt the way we were than we started grumbling about and rebelling against our leadership; that no sooner had we stood at Mount Sinai than we built ourselves a golden calf.

Then there is a Talmudic observation, an apparently strange one, about the future fate of the memory of the Exodus.

Shimon ben Zoma said, we are told in Sederot 12b: In the Time-to-Come, the Jews will no longer remember the Exodus from Egypt. It is said (Jerusalem 23:7): "Days are coming, says God, when people will no longer swear by 'God Who brought the Children of Israel out of Egypt,' but 'God Who brought and is bringing the seed of the House of Israel up

A VIEW FROM NOB
Moshe Kohn

from a northern land' and from all the lands to which I dispersed them, and they shall dwell on their own land."

After the Future Redemption, then, according to Ben Zoma, the prodigious deliverance from Egypt will no longer be remembered.

ALONG COME the Sages and tall Ben Zoma: You are wrong to say that the memory of the Exodus will be obliterated. The point about the Future Redemption is that it will mean the Jewish People's deliverance from the yoke of alien government (and the restoration of their national sovereignty). And in the Time-to-Come, the Jews will celebrate mainly their restored sovereignty, and the memory and celebration of the Exodus will be secondary to this.

By the same token, the Sages continued, we read (Genesis 28:29): "No longer 'Jacob' shall your name be called but 'Israel' shall be your name." This does not mean that "Jacob" will cease to be, but that "Israel" will be the main name and "Jacob" secondary.

(Curiously, the latter Biblical passage as quoted in the Talmud is different from the text that appears in the Bible itself.) The Talmud continues: We also

read (Isaiah 48:18): "Do not dwell on bygone days, do not brood over past history." "Do not dwell on bygone days" refers to the yoke of alien government; "do not brood over past history" refers to the Exodus from Egypt. Then, "Behold I will do a new thing, now it will sprout" (48:18) — Rabbi Yosef teaches: This refers to the war of Gog-Magog (in the Messianic Time; see Ezekiel 38).

For example: Out on the road, a person is attacked by a wolf and is saved, and he tells the story of his rescue from the wolf. Another time, he is attacked by a lion and is saved, and he tells the story of that rescue. A third time, he is attacked by a poisonous snake and is saved; now he forgets the incident of the wolf and the lion and dwells on his miraculous rescue from the snake. It is the same with Israel — their most recent tribulations and their deliverance from them obscure the earlier ones.

FOR MANY of us — Orthodox, non-Orthodox, and secularists alike — our most recent tribulations have certainly obscured the earlier ones. On the face of it, who — having directly or indirectly experienced the Holocaust — can "remember" with equal force the Egyptian bondage, the Inquisition, and the Chminkol maseores, let alone the numerous — relatively "minor" — tribulations that different sections of our people have experienced? On another level, the toll that the Yom Kippur War took, and the mehad that accompanied it, caused most of us to forget all the tribulations — some of them relatively greater — of

the 100-year history of Zionist settlement and the 25-year history of the State of Israel.

On the other hand, many of us — mainly Orthodox — continue to mourn on Tisha B'av and celebrate Passover as though our last great tribulation was the destruction of the Temple and our last great deliverance the Exodus; as though our generation had not experienced the Holocaust, had not had the deliverance from the yoke of alien government that the Sages mentioned to Ben Zoma, and was not experiencing — as active participants — the Return mentioned by Jeremiah.

SECONDLY, many non-Orthodox and secularists wish to remember mainly or only the Holocaust as though there was no Destruction in antiquity, and to remember the establishment of Israel as though there was no Exodus from Egypt. They wish to remember only "Israel" as though there has never been — and there isn't now — "Jacob."

Thirdly, many of us — mainly Orthodox — are so immersed in the "bygone days" and "past history" mentioned by Isaiah that we have no tolerance, let alone appreciation, for the efforts of many fellow Orthodox, non-Orthodox, and even secularists to combine the remembrance of past and present tribulations and deliverances.

Too many of us cannot stomach the efforts of some of our fellows to live with a one-people memory of both the ancient Destruction and the contemporary Holocaust, and with a one-people celebration of the hope contained in both the

ancient Exodus and the contemporary Exodus; to live as "Jacob" and "Israel" at once.

IT IS WORTHWHILE seeing what the Prophet Malachi says in the special Haftara (Prophetic portion) read in the synagogues tomorrow, Shabbat Hagadol — The Great Sabbath — as the Sabbath before Passover is called. Usually, the connection between the Haftara and the Torah (Pentateuch) portion which it follows is obvious. Sometimes, like tomorrow, we must seek the connection — one that those in antiquity who assigned the less-obvious Haftara to the Sabbath apparently meant us to find. Let us see what Malachi 3:4-24 may have on the Deliverance theme, even on the dialectic between Orthodox and non-Orthodox and between "old" and "new."

An obvious reference is the coming of the Prophet Elijah on that "great and terrible day of God," heralding the Final Redemption. Elijah, we are told, will reconcile parents with their children and children with their parents. He will "close the generation gap."

Then Malachi reminds us that just as God has not changed, so are we still the children of Jacob. Finally, we have to "close the social gap." As part of that pre-Redemption "terror," God says, "I will appear against you in court, prompt to testify against sorcerers, adulterers and perjurers, against those who withhold the labourer's wages, who wrong the widow and the orphan, who discriminate against the alien and do not fear Me." □

Dock briefs

Alex Berlyne

IN LIVERPOOL a few years ago, a Chinese bus conductor misdirected me in his broad Scouse accent and I found that I'd strayed on the corner of Menlove Gardens West. I was far from annoyed; in fact I was delighted. The Menlove Gardens area once figured prominently in a classic English trial, the Wallace case, a mystery described by Raymond Chandler as "unbeatable." It certainly had all the ingredients of a classic crime: a mysterious phone message, a killer who used a *nom de guerre*, an alibi measured in minutes and, in the best John Dickson Carr tradition, the victim lying behind a stubbornly locked door which, moments later, was found to be mysteriously unlocked.

In *The Killing of Julia Wallace* (Severn House, £5.25), Jonathan Goodman has produced the definitive account of this baffling and sensational murder, possibly the most exhaustive examination of a murder case ever to be published.

On Monday, January 31, 1931, a phone message was left for William Herbert Wallace, a Prudential Assurance agent, at Liverpool's Central Chess Club. The caller, Mr. R.M. Quilrough, asked Wallace to call on him at 7.30 the next evening at 25, Menlove Gardens East to discuss a life insurance policy. The next evening Wallace wandered around Menlove Gardens North, South and West, as well as Menlove Avenue, but failed to find Menlove Gardens East or Mr. Quilrough. He returned home, found the door locked against him, and called a neighbour; then they discovered that the door opened quite easily. Inside the front parlour, a room rarely used, they found the battered body of Julia Wallace.

There you have it, this primeval horror behind the suffocatingly respectable lace curtains. The Liverpool police forso

was known at that time as the Jiggery-Pokery Brigade. Half the force had been dismissed a few years previously, following a police strike, and the strengthened force made up by all sorts of unsuitable people, many of them incompetent and some downright dishonest. One of the incompetents was the chief investigator in the Wallace case, Detective Superintendent Hubert Moore, a sleuth whose sole claim to distinction was a large moustache "waxed almost lyrical."

Wallace was equally unfortunate in the medical examiner, Professor MacFall, a careless diagnostician and a fuddled opium addict, who did not even bother to keep notes. His forensic evidence at the trial, damning to Wallace, was soon exposed as useless and MacFall MacFall.

At the committal proceedings, Mr. J.R. Bishop, the prosecuting solicitor, made an opening speech which contained 18 misstatements of fact; all of them were reported by the press as gospel and they helped to sway public opinion against Wallace (to this day, Liverpoolians believe him guilty).

The Assize judge had never, until his elevation to the bench, set foot in a criminal court. Mr. Justice Wright's main contribution to the proceedings was to inform both counsel that he wanted to wind up the trial quickly so as to have the weekend free.

The cards were sufficiently stacked against our unfortunate William Herbert Wallace, a Prudential Assurance agent, at Liverpool's Central Chess Club. The caller, Mr. R.M. Quilrough, asked Wallace to call on him at 7.30 the next evening at 25, Menlove Gardens East to discuss a life insurance policy. The next evening Wallace wandered around Menlove Gardens North, South and West, as well as Menlove Avenue, but failed to find Menlove Gardens East or Mr. Quilrough. He returned home, found the door locked against him, and called a neighbour; then they discovered that the door opened quite easily. Inside the front parlour, a room rarely used, they found the battered body of Julia Wallace.

Despite a favourable summing up, the jury brought in a verdict of



guilty. The verdict was reversed on appeal, something which had happened only twice before in the history of the court.

Wallace died less than two years later, as much a victim of the mysterious R.M. Quilrough as was his wife.

NEW GUIDELINES for prosecution have recently been adopted in Britain following the recommendations of the Devlin Report on identification evidence which was issued after several men had had their convictions quashed last year.

The Trial of Walter Rowland by Henry Cecil (David & Charles, Celebrated Trials Series, £5.25) discusses the murder of Olive Balchin, a prostitute, on a bombed site in Manchester in 1946. Rowland was sentenced to death after a number of witnesses had identified him as a man seen in her company and the purchaser of the hammer which killed her. Shortly before the execution, a man called David John Ware confessed to the crime but the Court of Criminal Appeal refused to hear his evidence and Rowland was well and truly hanged. Four years later Ware attempted to

murder a woman with a hammer and was sent to Broadmoor.

Who did murder Olive Balchin? Henry Cecil, who died last year, was a County Court judge and a successful author (*Brothers in Law, Alibi for a Judge*). He explains in this book why he believes that Rowland, who had previously served a prison sentence for murdering his daughter, did kill Olive Balchin as charged and why he believes Ware's confession was spurious.

Yet it is disturbing to read Rowland's statement, made after the verdict. "I am totally innocent of this charge," he told the judge, "and the day will come when this case will be quoted in the courts of this country to show what can happen to a man in a case of mistaken identity."

Incidentally, the cover picture purporting to show Olive Balchin is, in fact, of a model wearing poor Olive's clothes.

THE SWISS authorities recently disbarred themselves of Brian Donald Hume, sentenced to life imprisonment in Zurich in 1939, by returning him to Britain. The Trials of Brian Donald Hume by Ivan Butler (David & Charles,

Celebrated Trials Series, £5.25) takes us back to Austria's Hitler and super-spiv Hume's 1930 trip for the murder of Stanley Selig, an Iraqi Jewish used-car dealer. Despite the impression given by the press at the time that Selig himself was something of a shady character, the trial transcript shows that the Yard's Superintendent Colin MacDougall described him as an honest trader; a case of adding insult to injury, you might say.

Hume, a pilot, claimed at the trial that he had not killed Selig but had been paid to dispose of the dismembered remains by dropping them into the sea from his plane. After all, Mrs. Hume had been sitting in another room of their Finchley Road flat while Selig was supposedly being slaughtered and desecrated. As a matter of fact, she had been listening to a radio programme on the trial of Landru, the French Bluebeard, while her husband was allegedly wielding a carving knife and a saw, and she claimed to have heard nothing suspicious.

The defence also made a great deal of the fact that the underfloor of a carpet, which Hume had

cleaned shortly after Selig's disappearance, was not itself stained. The jury failed to agree on the capital charge, the first murder trial jury to do so for 50 years, and Hume was sentenced to 12 years for disposing of Selig's corpse.

After his release in 1958 he sold his confession to the *Sunday Pictorial*. In it, he claimed to have killed Selig because he had killed his dog: "Nobody could do that and get away with it," he told the Pictorial. As for the inexplicable clean underfloor, he explained that he simply cut off the stained edge and stretched the rest to fit the carpet.

Hume later carried out a number of bank robberies in England and Switzerland, which resulted in a number of people being wounded and a Zurich taxi driver being shot dead.

Why the 1960 jury failed to agree we will never know, but it is fairly clear that one or more of its members should be considered partly responsible for the death of Arthur Maag in Zurich nine years later. □

The true glory

FANS! How We Go Crazy over Sports by Michael Roberts. Washington, the New Republic Book Company, 208 pp. \$8.95.

Matthew Nesvicky

IMAGINE that an accounting firm or a plastic factory which happens to be located in your town has an especially good year. Imagine, too, that many of its employees are not natives of your town, have no particular interest in your town, have come to your town solely because of the salary offered — in fact, have been sent to your town against their wishes by a conglomerate management. Nevertheless, the company has a bumper year, and with the publication of the balance sheet the employees pop champagne corks. Understandable enough. But should the entire city take to the streets for a ticker-tape parade?

I'm not seeking an explanation for the Colorado man who fired a bullet into his biala on Sunday in October, 1973, when his home football team fared poorly against the Chicago Bears. I'm not really

amused that El Salvador sent its tanks rumbling across the border into Honduras during their World Football Cup play-off in 1969. I'm not especially dismayed that U.S. demobilised people all around the Third World contribute to what is probably the highest

salary ever paid in history to Muhammad Ali, a man who can barely read and write and whose profession is punching people.

No, it's not the little ironies nor the great excesses so brightly described by Michael Roberts which puzzle me; it's the day-to-day devotion expended on men who toss balls into baskets or fling hammers or run foot races. A band of mercenaries stitch the name of my town or nation across their shirt-fronts, and I am supposed to be deliciously happy when they do well the job they are hired to do. For heaven's sake, why?

ADORATION for "our" team of course is a means of expressing patriotism for the many, and is certainly superior to the less demonstrative forms of civic or national pride, like being a good citizen. An Olympics competition without all the flag-waving — with just athletes and not nationalities participating — would certainly be a bore, something like horseracing without the two dollar window.

But sports stir us much more than citizenship. America's National Football League played all its games as scheduled just two days after the assassination of John Kennedy, and did anyone object? Last year, when Betar Jerusalem took the national football championship, observers said the street demonstrations rivalled



those for the reunification of the city in June 1967. Wrong. I was there — the football celebration was more spirited.

The word "fan" comes from fanatic, as in religious fanatic. It is no accident that the ancient Greeks, who invented league sports, the Olympics, and the sports banquet, also mixed up religion and athletics — did somebody mention hero-worship? The first step in adoring someone for the way he kicks a ball is, well, a leap of faith; you have to believe it's important, truly believe.

AND GOD FORBID you shouldn't care. Which is why referees are always abused (in January, 1975, a U.S. wrestling enthusiast tried to gun down the ref; he wounded five spectators instead). We want to kill the umpire not for not being impartial, but for being impartial. We cannot tolerate the one who dares not care. The equivalent of an inquisitor roasting an atheist alive is the soccer rioter attacking a television van (a common occurrence in Israel and elsewhere). Put out the dispassionate eye, for that which does not cheer mine condemns me.

By the same token, sports writers should be suspect — but then again sports writers are almost never objective and, well, at least they love sport, so they're normal. But the love of sports is what's wrong with sports books in general and this one in particular.

Michael Roberts, a Washington journalist, is adept at cataloguing all the exorcisms associated with sport, but he never seriously questions the sense of athletic competition itself. Instead, he merely suggests we be more moderate, more rational about sport. But what, after all, does he want? If we face sport maturely — wait, then, there goes the old ball game.

Americans and other national groups nurtured the idea for generations that sports heroes should be models of morality for youth; we were supposed to except that they didn't drink, smoke or fornicate. It was impossible to believe that Babe Ruth

smacked home runs for hospitalized kids. That he was also a glutton, a carouser and a skirt-chaser most clearly should not be told, even today, and Roberts does not quite understand this. Recall the shock when Marilyn Monroe's engagement to Joe DiMaggio was announced? His team-mates were asked what effect that would have on baseball. (Yogi Berra's legendary reply: "I don't know if it's good for baseball, but it beats the hell out of rooming with Phil Rizzuto.")

Roberts describes how we go crazy over sports, as his title offers, but gets nowhere near why. Above all, he wants to keep sports in proper perspective. But sports should not be kept in proper perspective. Stadiums, like churches, must have their myths, mysteries and magic. They must have their aura of life-and-death significance — otherwise they just don't work. Take the threat of permanent brain damage out of boxing or hockey and — admit it! — there's little point to the contest.

So, Mr. Roberts, and all you other performers out there, keep your hands off sports. Just keep sports ridiculous. We don't need them cleaned up, toned down, purified, de-commercialised, demythologized, or made safe. All we need, and especially in this country, is more of them. Pity the poor fan who has at best only one game and one practice session to witness per week. There should be games night and day, every day. How they would enrich the fans' lives; a full emotional life with no strain on the intellect; every fan a Peter Pan. □

Behind the lines

RESISTANCE: European Resistance to Nazism 1944-45 by M.R.D. Foot. London, Eyre Methuen, 244pp. £6.95.

Barbie Zelizer

M.R.D. FOOT, the British historian, displaying an admirable talent for clarity and portraiture, here analyses the field of wartime resistance to the Nazi regime in Europe.

Foot divides the work of the resistance into three broad functional categories — intelligence, sabotage and subversion (including escape and attacks on troops and individuals, politics and insurrection).

He cites the perfection of "Ultra" — the British code name for the operation to break the German machine cipher "Enigma" —

which involved a combination of British, Polish and French forces giving up-to-date and continuous accounts of the enemy's order of battle, situation reports and operational orders.

Foot discusses the different escape lines: from Poland southward, from Denmark and Norway eastward and northward, from Greece into Turkey or Egypt, from the Netherlands, Belgium and France into Iberia or Switzerland, and so on. Although he admits that there isn't much documentary material on this subject he produces statistics to show that 33,517 people (mainly British and U.S. servicemen) returned from enemy territory during the war.

However, the author only barely mentions the woeful and unsuccessful attempts to organise escape for the "4,000,000 '6,000,000 Jews' or the '4,000,000

in the Red Army," who died. SUBVERSION, of course, made up the largest part of resistance activity. We learn of the sabotage of long-distance telephone lines; of how a lot of German time and energy was taken up by *Funkspiele*, the wireless games played by the Allies; of the sabotage of weapons-manufacturing systems; end of the general obstruction of German troop movements.

In the political arena, the end result was the "backing-up and shaking out of satellites" and the ridding of a "new generation of dead-wood." Although the resistance movements in Europe were politically separate from each other, "resistance did create a sense of common European feeling and interest."

Foot outlines the particularities of resistance in each country affected by the Nazi regime. It was at its strongest in Poland, Yugoslavia, Norway and France; each country, however, advanced its own framework and control. There is a four-page list of the

various intelligence and security services in operation during World War II, but it isn't always clear which country ran which service.

A few of Foot's points must be questioned. He contends that the Polish people were not anti-Semitic, as has been advanced, but essentially pro-Jewish. But he produces little evidence to support this contention, and I fear that there is in fact little to produce. Also, he refers to Poland as the testing ground for the *Endlösung*, the "final solution" of "the Jewish problem." Yet Nazi intentions were first realized from within, as evidenced by Dachau.

The two Jewish resistance organizations, the ZZW (National Military Organization) and the ZPH (Jewish Fighting Organization), as obscure as they may or may not have been, should at least have been mentioned. The author does, however, devote a paragraph to the 17 Jewish ghettoes in Poland where armed uprisings took place: Będzin, Białystok, Brody, Czestochowa, Lvov, Łódź, Minsk,

Mr. Riga, Silesia, Sosnowiec, Strzyżów, Tarnopol, Tarnobrzeg and Vilna.

What was the actual impact of resistance? Foot notes that its "real strength in battlefield terms, in an age of armour and air warfare, was puny. But it had, it is true, its own moral strength in moral terms."

It gave back self-respect to people who felt abandoned after the German occupation of their land, and it made them aware that they had banded together, not as cowards, but as companions "who had put their utmost into fighting evil."

This was very important. But what was much more important, of course, was the defeat of Germany. "If you who read this can say, I am not under fire; I am not under torture... I can read newspapers, see and hear broadcasts, of several different views; within the laws of libel, I can say what I like about anybody; then you owe it, in a larger degree than most historians have so far allowed, to the resistance that occupied Europe put up to Hitler." □

Hero worshipper

UNITY MITFORD: A Quest by David Pryor-Jones. London, Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 287 pp. £5.00.

Aviva Even-Paz

THE HULLABALOO that surrounded the publication of this book seemed to centre not on the subject herself but on whether Mr. Pryor-Jones had falsified the evidence. Most of the letters to the papers were of the "I didn't say this," "Yes you did" variety, and Lady Diana Mosley was especially vociferous in her indignation.

Unity, the daughter of Lord Redesdale, a typical English bookwoodman, was one of the "beautiful" and brilliant Mitford sisters (Nancy, the writer, was another). When Unity was very young, her favourite sister was Joseline, who became a communist. But Joseline's communism and Unity's fascism were two sides of the same coin. They were "impelled to seek abroad the adventure, the identification...not

found at home." Unity was a large, rather ungainly girl, a failure at school and completely out of place in the debutante merry-go-round, while to her credit she found very unsatisfying. But throughout her life, her secret wish, diametrically opposed to her overt activities, was to marry and have many children.

It was at this stage that she came under the influence of Diana, who had entered into a liaison with Oswald Mosley, whilst his first wife was still alive. Diana probably took such violent exception to this book because it is quite explicit on this point.

Unity found in the British Union of Fascists, and later in German Nazism, what she obviously badly needed — a purpose, perhaps even an ideal, however monstrous. She adored uniforms and all military paraphernalia. She also took to anti-Semitism like a duck to water.

Germany seemed to be her natural home, and she would sit about in a Munich restaurant,

which Hitler frequented, waiting for him to notice her, which he eventually did. She fell madly in love with him (she even hoped for marriage at one time) and Hitler was flattered by the hero-worship of this upper-class English girl.

At last Unity had found some sort of pattern for her previously aimless existence. She ran from one party rally to another, from tea-parties with Hitler to frequent holidays with Austrian aristocrats and their hangers-on. She never did a day's work in her life; she had no need to.

THERE ARE MANY conflicting views as to what Unity was really like. Some called her downright stupid, others said that she was all right until she got on to the subject of Jews. She boasted that she had once met an old Jewish woman in Germany with a heavy bundle on her back and had given her the wrong directions "because I saw how heavy the bundle was, wasn't that wonderful of me?"

Hitler gave her a flat in Munich that had been owned by Jews. "Some of the Jewish owners were still in their homes actually looking at her and listening to her in the very rooms which Unity was measuring up... She was oblivious to the cruelty of the scene, Evas



Unity with Hitler at a tea party.

she had, but saw not. Anti-Semitism at the last, meant that Jews had no faces, no children, no anguish, nothing but a suitable flat, and here is the kernel of the horror which was the holocaust."

It is no consolation to realize that she was in fact far from happy, leading a tightrope existence — many of Hitler's entourage disliked her and feared her as a possible English agent, and besides, there was Eva Braun. Unity completely alienated most of her former English acquaintances. Nancy, who had the Mitford loyalty, tried to laugh it off. When Unity appeared as a prominent figure at Nazi party rallies, Nancy wrote "Darling Stonyheart, We were all very in-

terested to see that you are the Queen of the May... call me early. Goering dear, for I'm to be Queen of the May! Good gracious, the interview you sent us, fantastic, fantastic."

When war broke out, Unity was finally forced to face and resolve the contradictions in her life, which she did by shooting and injuring herself in the head. She was brought home to England and died as a result of the injury, in 1948.

I found the book difficult to read. Pryor-Jones quotes his sources verbatim, and this makes it all rather disjointed and incoherent. There is no narrative flow. However, his summing up gets to the heart of the matter: "... but now she can be seen as an early pathfinder for the many children of the rich and secure classes who are her kindred spirits in opposition to the outside world of their society. Those who have since screamed for foreign conquest and alien tyrants and *fauts-de-mieux*, pop stars, are so many Unity Mitfords: so are the writers, politicians, dons, who determine everything which allows them to become what they are, in praising totalitarian systems of whatever kind."

But there is never an excuse for cruelty. □

Faces of protest

DISSENT IN THE USSR: Politics, Ideology & People edited by Rudolf L. Tokes. Baltimore and London, The Johns Hopkins University Press, 453 pp. \$15.

Edith B. Frankel

PRESIDENT CARTER's decision (followed by that of the British Foreign Minister) to treat moral issues with decisiveness and consequences, and the equally strong counter-response, if not by Brezhnev and Kosygin then at least by the Soviet press, have put the future of East-West "détente" in doubt. Thus the dissident activities of a tiny fraction of the

population of a Great Power have had unexpectedly far-reaching consequences.

Dissent in the USSR, like many studies on contemporary issues, is made up of a series of articles by specialists. It provides the reader with a worthwhile and occasional ally excellent background to, and understanding of, the scope of the subject.

Frederick Barghoorn's lengthy first chapter presents a general survey of events related to dissent in the post-Khrushchev era; Howard Biddulph's essay discusses the various strategies used by the intellectual opposition; and Gayla Hollander's article on

political communication and dissent is on her usual high level.

Theodore Erikgut, of the Hebrew University's Russian Studies department, has made an most interesting contribution with an essay on the democratic movement, in which he assesses the role of the democrats and their place in Soviet society, and incorporates material he got from interviews with Soviet intellectuals who emigrated.

Another very useful article is by Peter Maggs, on the legal and practical aspects of the Soviet Union's recent decision to uphold international copyright laws.

Gene Soela's article on underground songs provides fascinating information on a little-known subject, as well as a translation of many songs. Unfortunately, however, the in-

troduction by the editor, Rudolph Tokes, often tends to obfuscate rather than clarify, with too generous a helping of political-scientific jargon.

Like many books of its kind, this one benefits from the expertise of individuals who are writing on their own special subjects. But there is no over-all synthesis. Moreover, there are gaps: while there is a whole article on Sakharov, other important figures — Solzhenitsyn and Amalrik, for example — only receive scant mention. And nowhere are they, or other key figures, placed into the context of general trends, events, and politics.

Although there is a chapter on religious problems there isn't one on nationalities.

In spite of all this, however, the book is certainly an important

baso text for anyone interested in dissent in the Soviet Union today.

The only article to which I take extreme exception is the one by George Fofler, which does the volume. Not only is it a scurrilous attack — in the guise of a humane and understanding psychological analysis — on many of the leading dissidents, but it also, ironically, tends to make a mockery of academic interest in the subject, and hence by implication of the rest of the book.

Such "demythologizing" is, of course, bound to become more frequent now that the dissidents have attained fame and the familiarity that comes with it. The search for their "true" motives — à la Lytton Strachey — is now on. But must berolism be accompanied by an unqualified aintiness? □

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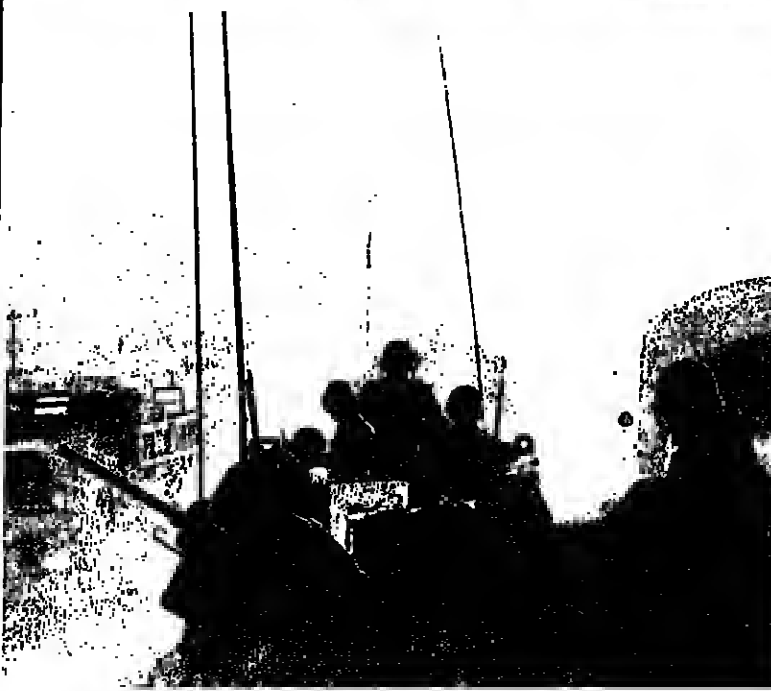
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Modern Jonah



DYNAMICS OF A CONFLICT: A Re-examination of the Arab-Israeli Conflict edited by Gabriel Sheffer. New Jersey, Humanities Press. 370 pp. \$12.50

MILITARY ASPECTS OF THE ISRAELI-ARAB CONFLICT edited by Louis Williams. Tel Aviv, University Publishing Projects. 265 pp. No price given.

Nissim Rejwan

THESE TWO volumes are the product of two "International conferences," one held before the Yom Kippur War and one after and indeed as a result of that war. In the relatively relaxed days before October, 1973 the first conference, sponsored by the Van Leer Jerusalem Foundation and apparently organized solely by Dr. Sheffer, could afford to be more leisurely in tone and more comprehensive in scope. This shows, too, in the careful editing of the text and in the fact that the editor could decide to ignore not only the discussions that followed each presentation but also the contribution of Mr. Yitzhak Rabin, then Ambassador to the U.S. In contrast the other volume includes almost every word spoken on the floor of the Symposium, which was organized by three different bodies and had an organizing committee of eight plus an "Adviser."

What is most pleasing about the Van Leer volume — and what makes it worth reading despite the rather wearying nature of its subject-matter — is that its participants include a number of quite unexpected names previously not associated with the subject. Particularly refreshing are the papers presented by Kenneth Boulding, George Quester and Richard Brody, who all bring to the subject some quite unexpected insights.

Professor Boulding, in particular, speaking about models of international peace and touching only in passing on the Israeli-Arab conflict, is most illuminating on such forms of superstitious myth as "overlearning" and "underlearning," "self-fulfilling" and "self-correcting" prophecies. Of all these hazards, overlearning and the self-justifying prophecy seem to present the most danger in the Israeli-Arab context. The tendency to overestimate the probability of some highly improbable event after it has actually occurred is

always present, and is evidently dangerous; the self-fulfilling prophecy — a rather common feature of the social process — is even more apprehensible in the context.

A question of critical importance for the future is that of circumstances under which prophecies are self-fulfilling or self-correcting. In Professor Boulding's words, "a prediction of future war may create an arms race which will end in the predicted war," as has been the commonest response in international relations. On the other hand, "an awareness of the high probability of future war might set in motion processes to diminish that probability...."

One of the most famous of the "self-correcting" predictions is that of Jonah, who predicted the destruction of Nineveh should its inhabitants fail to repent — whereupon they did repent and the city was not destroyed. Professor Boulding concludes his paper by expressing the hope that a new Jonah of Nineveh will arise to prevent, "by a successful call to repentance, the almost unimaginable nuclear disaster which threatens the Middle East in the next generation."

Among the Israeli contributors to Dr. Sheffer's volume, however, the only approximation to a modern Jonah is Professor Yehoshua Arieli the historian, whose paper consists, almost inevitably, of a reply to Israel's most prolific disseminator of self-fulfilling prophecies for nearly two decades. Professor Yehoshafat Harkabi. Harkabi himself in his contribution disarmingly opens by declaring that when one has been dealing with a particular subject "for too many years" — as he himself has with the Arab-Israeli conflict — "one must speak with some hesitancy, lest commitment to certain views lead him to disregard contradictory evidence."

Needless to say, he proceeds boldly to reiterate his well-known thesis — namely that the Arabs, having developed a "demonological imagery of Israel" and having decided that "pollution" and genocide were the only conceivable solution to their difficulties, will not change their political stance even should they change their demonological one, and that Israel in the circumstances can do absolutely nothing to change the situation. One must read his paper in full to realize how much "overlearning" he has managed to do in the

course of the years. And he takes his own terms to describe it: "speaking of such things as the spread of better knowledge and the reality of the conflict," "a deep feeling of injustice," "a harbour," "a sober description," "a cavalier sprinkling of tidings." In a sense, of course, Harkabi's position makes no sense, considering the number of predictions he has made which have proved to be merely self-fulfilling but also generating.

Dynamics of a Conflict includes a number of other important contributions, of which mention must be made of Dr. Horowitz's paper, "The Jewish Concept of National Security and the Prospects of Peace in the Middle East" and Nedav Shafir, "The Effects of Israel's Foreign Policy." It is a pity that, in a volume with so many technical flaws, the last four of 173 footnotes marked in Dr. Horowitz's paper should be missing.

AS ITS TITLE indicates, *Military Aspects of the Arab-Israeli Conflict* is more restricted in scope than the Van Leer collection. Following "the keynote address" by Minister of Defense Shimon Peres, there is a section dealing with weapons systems, doctrines, and strategies and "The Art of War — East and West" with contributions by experts in the field, followed by a session of questions and answers with Jerusalem's Mayor Teddy Kollek, who patiently answers questions concerning his relationship with the Arabs of Jerusalem, they view the future of the city, and — yes — "to what extent crime a problem in Jerusalem."

A section on "Military Reporting in Closed and Open Societies" in which Dr. Dina Goren of Hebrew University and Michael Elkins of the B.B.C. take part, followed by one on superpower competition in the Middle East, the only subject which will interest the strictly lay reader, is that it will necessarily help to make more sense of what is going on.

For instance, summing up a paper, Dr. Abraham Becker of Rand Corporation has this to say: "If a general settlement is to be attained on compromise terms, may be argued that cooperation by Syria and Palatinalina is indispensable; the Soviet role is essential through support of its clients, not by independent action coming with their perceived self-interest." So many other relevant propositions "may be argued" that the obvious soundness of particular one tends to be lost in the meazy tangle.

The symposium which proceedings are here collected took place shortly after the Israeli-Egyptian interim agreement in Sinai at the beginning of September 1975. It is therefore inevitable that utterances of Israeli men of affairs — including Prime Minister Rabin and Foreign Minister Yitzhak Allon — now sound mostly dated (e.g. Mr. Rabin on a prospect of another disengagement agreement with Syria, specially when read in conjunction with some of the more recent official pronouncements on the same subject).

Much pruning, in some cases somewhat drastic, was evidently needed to make a manageable book out of the proceedings of a symposium. Time and other technical considerations have made such extensive editing impractical. The result is

Kinky, with a touch of class

THE JEWISH YELLOW PAGES, A Directory of Goods and Services by Mae Shafter Rockland. New York, Schocken Books. 212 pp. Illustrated. \$7.95.

THE SECOND JEWISH CATALOG: Sources and Resources compiled and edited by Sharon Strassfeld and Michael Strassfeld. Philadelphia, The Jewish Publication Society of America. 464 pp. Illustrated. \$7.50.

Lynn Sharon

MAE SHAFTER ROCKLAND, author of *The Jewish Yellow Pages* and a craftsman herself, says "the most important function of this book is to foster the nascent Jewish-American craft movement." Mrs. Rockland feels that Jewish art will be created if more of it is bought, and more will be bought if artist and craftsman are made accessible to Jews who want something unique and hand-crafted in Jewish ceremonial objects.

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REMEMBER The First Jewish Catalog, published in 1973? Well, *The Second Jewish Catalog* is more of the same. It offers a potpourri of information on traditional and alternative Jewish life-styles. It is attractively packaged and has some lively graphics to please the eye.

My favorite chapters deal with traditional and unusual suggestions for Jewish ceremonies and celebrations. Some of the ideas, I must admit, are a bit kinky, such as Mary Gendler's proposal for a female brit mila ceremony in which the infant girl's hymen is ritually ruptured.

If Ms. Gendler's suggestion turns you off, there are many interesting ideas that will turn you on, at least Jewishly.

A nice addition to one's reference shelves. □

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



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The thrill of it all



EACH TIME I read a political
thriller — a tale about espionage,
terrorism, and the like — I cannot
help wondering whether such
matters are even half so real
and ecatically organized in real
life. Clive Cussler's blend of high
melodrama and historical
scientific research in *Masters of the
Titanic* (The Viking Press,
New York, \$14.95) spans the
years 1912-1988 and is concerned
with an undercover plot — "the
Sicilian Project" — to guarantee
America's virtual immunity from
foreign attack in the foreseeable
future.

Inevitably, the Russians get
wind of the plan and do their best
to kill it in the bud. The project is
fatefully connected with the sink-
ing of the *Titanic*, which sank in
1912 after hitting an iceberg on its
maiden voyage across the Atlan-
tic. The unfolding of events and
the details furnished about the ill-
fated steamer, show that in addi-
tion to having an unusual
narrative and organizing ability,
Mr. Cussler has done a tremen-
dous amount of homework.

Brian Freemantle's latest, *The
November Man* (Jonathan Cape
London, 238 pp. £2.95), evolves
around the tragic career of Hugo
Altmann, a survivor of the Nazi
death camps who is capable of
detonating East-West relations by
making public some information
which only a double-agent of his
calibre can possess. Again, the
nimbler, incredible calculation
and planning which cannot go
wrong are all here. As in
Freemantle's three previous
thrillers, there is much about
Moscow and its political set-
ting with all the shrewd plotting,
counter-plotting, and intrigue
that go with a cut-throat struggle
for power. Freemantle, who is
Foreign Editor of the *Daily Mail*,
spent some time as a correspon-
dent in Moscow. Two of the
author's previous works are still
available in their original editions.

— *Face Me When You Walk Away*
and *The Man Who Walked*
Tomorrow (Cape, 288 pp. £2.95
and 253pp. £2.75, respectively).
The latter has to do mostly with
the fierce conflict — as brutal as the
wars go — between Israeli in-
telligence and a highly secretive
Nazi movement.

Marvin H. Albert's *The
Gargoyls Conspiracy* (Dell, New
York, 288pp. \$1.95) is concerned
exclusively with Levantine af-
fairs. It is a not-too-subtle
suspense story about a frustrated
but brilliant Moroccan officer —
an ex-associate of the late General
Oufkir — who is determined to
prove his mettle to Colonel Ge-
dafi by killing King Hussein and
the U.S. Secretary of State in one
go. There are large chunks of solid
information thrown in — a feature
which led most reviewers to liken
the work to Forsyth's *The Day of*
the Jackal. □

WHAT IS Consumer Shield? Who is Jerry Westin?

These questions may very well
be asked about these two names
which crop up with increasing
frequency in press reports and
radio interviews about food purity
in Israel. Most recently, they were
connected with a court case
against the Minister of Health on
the subject of milk, and with the
debate over the merits of banning
aspartame.

Consumer Shield (Magen
Shachan) is the youngest and
most fiery of Israel's several con-
sumer protection organizations,
and Jerry Westin, a 40-year-old
M.D. who immigrated from the
U.S. eight years ago, is its
medical consultant and a member
of its board of directors. It is
largely through his influence that
Consumer Shield has made its
most vociferous stands on the sub-
jects of food hygiene and purity,
and dangers to health such as lead
content in paints and ceramic
glazes. Most of these issues have
brought the Shield into direct con-
flict with the Health Ministry.

Consumer Shield takes great
pride in the fact that it is the only
consumer organization in Israel
receiving no funding from the
Government. As a result, it
regards itself as completely free
to criticize Government policies.
Similarly, it has no inhibitions
about attacking other Israeli
"sacred cows," such as Thuvia,
one of its recent targets in the
milk controversy.

All other consumer protection
organizations — the Histadrut's
Central Consumer Authority, the
Israel Consumer Association, and
even the Better Business Bureau
of Tel Aviv and Haifa — receive
funds from the Ministry of
Commerce and Industry,
channelled through the roof body,
the Israel Consumer Council. Only
Consumer Shield refuses to join
the Council or take its funds.

Where does the Shield get its in-
come? According to its chairman,
Canadian-born Hannah Green-
baum, there are three sources.
Consumer Shield has a small in-
dividual membership of about 500
which pays dues of IL35 annually,
and it solicits contributions as
well. It has also received grants
from a public fund in the U.S., the
Levinson Foundation, which some
years back advertised its desire to
contribute to "furthering the
quality of life in Israel."

The Levinson money helps with
publicity expenses but cannot be
used for product-testing purposes.
In addition, Shield has a group
membership and some financial
aid from two major immigrant
associations, the 10,000-strong
Association of Americans and
Canadians in Israel (A.A.C.I.),
and the 44,000-strong Soviet Im-
migrants' Association.

CONSUMER SHIELD maintains
no office. Since it was founded in
1973, as an outgrowth of an
A.A.C.I. consumer committee, it
has used the Association as its
mailing address — 59 A Hayarkon
St., Tel Aviv. The A.A.C.I. is sup-
posed to take telephone messages
for Shield, and a representative
will call back. The number is 03-
58201.

It was Dr. Westin's connections
which gave the Shield its curious
tie-in with the Soviet Immigrants'
Association — curious because
consumer consciousness is very
much the specialty of immigrants
from the West, not from the
Eastern bloc countries. When he
lived in the U.S., until five years
ago, Jerry Westin was active in
causes on behalf of Soviet Jewry.
He founded and edited a journal
called *Brodyes*, dedicated to this

CONSUMER SHIELD



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

cause. His connection with Soviet
immigrants here resulted in their
Association's leadership giving
formal backing to Consumer
Shield, although Dr. Westin ad-
mits that the rank-and-file Soviet
immigrants take little interest in
the consumer crusade. American
and Canadian immigrants, on the
other hand, play an active role in
the organization, although more
than half of Shield's board of
directors are veteran Israelis.
Jerry Westin did not play an ac-
tive role in the consumer move-
ment in the U.S. Having specializ-
ed in aerospace medicine, he

worked for a time with NASA on
the moon programme. Today he is
a consultant to Bedek and the Air
Force.
What brought him to Israel?
"Being Jewish — who else would
come here?" he says.
And how did he come to be in-
volved in consumer activity?
"Out of pure self-defence. They're
trying to kill me, and I'm just try-
ing to protect myself."
The "they" refers to everyone
from manufacturers to Govern-
ment authorities in this country.
"In the United States," he claims,
"there are people in official

positions looking out for your in-
terests." But here the consumer
must look out for himself. He does
not receive local officials of any
criminal intent, of course. He
simply feels there are too few
qualified experts in positions of
authority at governmental protec-
tive agencies, that they operate
under health and safety legisla-
tion which is too lax, and that they
do not adequately enforce such
laws as do exist.

THIS LATTER point is the crux of
Jerry Westin's battle with the
Health Ministry. Some months
ago, Consumer Shield did some
rather routine tests on milk to
check its butterfat level, and
while they were at it, also com-
missioned bacteriological tests on
fresh milk as sold to consumers.
The findings sparked a heated
controversy which involved the
Health Ministry, Thuvia, and the
Shield itself. This has not yet been
resolved: a High Court injunction
requiring the reply of the Health
Minister and the Food Ad-
ministration director in the
Shield's charges is still pending.

Whatever the outcome, Dr.
Westin sees a victory in the fact
that, so far as he knows, this is the
first time a consumer organiza-
tion in Israel has succeeded in ob-
taining a High Court order nisi
against a Government minister.
Under the terms of the order, the
Minister and the director of the
Food Administration have until
April 13 to "show cause why they
will not enforce" the letter of the
law as to the coliform bacteria
count in milk and the absence of
antibiotics and certain pesticides,
and "why they will not take ac-
tion" against any party which
manufactures or markets milk in
contravention of the relevant sec-
tions of the 1957 Act for Goods and
Services. The terminology of the
court order, by the way, was
deliberately framed in the future
tense.

According to Consumer Shield's
attorney, Yitzhak Segal, if a reply
to the order is not forthcoming
by the date, the injunction
automatically becomes an order
to obey the letter of the law. If
there is a reply, it will be up to the
High Court to give judgment as it
sees fit.

Once the subject is no longer
sub judice, this column will deal
with the broader aspects of the
health supervision of our milk and
other dairy products.

THERE ARE undoubtedly critics
of Consumer Shield who see its
leaders as newcomers to the
Israeli scene who are attempting
to impose the latest and highest
standards of Western food
hygiene and purity on what is,
after all, a Middle Eastern country
with a melting-pot population.
This, some feel, is unrealistic or
even unreasonable. There are also
members of the long-established
consumer groups who fail to un-
derstand why Consumer Shield
stubbornly refuses to "join the
club" of the veteran organizations
and accept Government funds for
their programmes as the others
do.

Personally, I hope that Con-
sumer Shield will stick to its guns.
It must, of course, avoid the pit-
falls of sensational statements for
their own sake. Its accusations
and its demands must be well
documented and backed by
reliable evidence.
If it can do this, then Consumer
Shield can only be welcomed by
the Israeli public as a refreshing
challenge to the establishment. It
may get results where more con-
ventional approaches fail.

— *Martha Meisels*

Pancakes for Pessah

CULINARY NOTES Haim Shapiro

SOME OF US could go through the
whole of the Pessah holiday sub-
sisting on *matza brei*, that deli-
cious mixture of dampened *matza*
and eggs.

All of us have our favourite
recipes for this dish. Some just
sprinkle the *matza* with water,
others soak it for a few minutes in
hot water until it is quite soggy.
Some sprinkle their *matza brei*
with sugar and cinnamon, others
with salt.

But this is only the most elemen-
tary of the pancakes which are
available for Pessah. Others
utilize such ingredients as cheese
and onions. To be sure, all of these
recipes require an extraordinary
number of eggs and it is in the
nature of Pessah cooking to raise
all of our cholesterol level.

One recipe which uses some
eggs, but perhaps fewer than
many other dishes, is potato pan-
cakes filled with meat. It is es-
pecially suitable for those of us
who like to ease their budgets by
serving very small amounts of
meat filled out with other items.
Those who are more lavish in
their habits, will serve the pan-
cakes as a side dish accom-
panying a meat main course.

TO MAKE the pancakes, boil a
kilowatt or a little more of potatoes un-
til they are quite soft. It takes less
time to cook the potatoes if they
are already peeled and cut up, but
it is far less work to boil them first
and then peel them.

Mash the potatoes and mix in
four beaten eggs, about two
tablespoons of margarine and a
quarter of a cup of *matza* meal.
The mixture should be rather stiff
to enable it to keep its shape while
it is being cooked. Season with
half a teaspoon of salt and a
generous pinch of pepper. Some
cooks add a little ground ginger as
well.

Leave the mixture in the
refrigerator to set for at least an
hour. Meanwhile, chop a cup of
leftover cooked meat with a little
fried onion. The meat could be
boiled chicken from the seder
chicken soup, roast turkey, or
boiled or roasted beef. If you have
no leftover meat, fry about a cup-
ful of chopped meat with onion.
Season the meat with salt, pepper
and allspice.

Form potato patties about the
size of your hand and place a
teaspoonful of meat in the centre
of each. Cover with another patty
and seal well, dusting the surface
with *matza* meal. Fry in hot oil un-
til brown on each side.

Those wishing to save a few
calories may hoke the pancakes
instead, but they won't be quite as
tasty.

הכזה מן האכל

Eating out on a budget

SOME 35 YEARS ago the British mandarin authorities set up a restaurant in central Jerusalem to provide meals for the common people. The restaurant, alternatively known as Tzablonia or the Jerusalem Restaurant, is still running at the corner of Jaffo Road and King George — and still providing meals at almost unheatable prices to those who don't mind a little noise and bustle.

It is also one of the few kosher restaurants open throughout the Pesach holiday.

On entering the restaurant, the diner is required to buy coupons for one of the dozen odd main courses on the menu. For Shabbat and holidays, the coupons must be purchased in advance.

Having studied the menu outside, I decided to try the schnitzel, and my companion chose the roast meat. We bought our coupons and found seats at a table

BILL OF FARE

occupied by one man who was in the process of eating his dessert. We asked politely to join him and he nodded.

A horrified waiter swept up our coupons and asked: "Chicken or beef?" Further clarification revealed that this referred to the two kinds of soup available. I chose bean, a rich, hearty, home-made dish. My companion was less lucky with the chicken, which seemed to be out of a packet.

AS WE WERE finishing our soup, the waiter set down the main course on the glass-topped table. Not willing to be rushed, I chose a slice of bread from the covered plastic box on the table and continued to eat my soup.

The schnitzel, prepared from breast of turkey, was excellent —

crisp and not greasy. The same could be said for the chips. The salad was also good.

My companion's "roast meat" led one to wonder what could be the difference between it and the stewed meat, or for that matter, the hulled beef. But the meat, with a thick vegetable sauce and a slice of potato and a slice of carrot, was very tasty.

Not long after we finished this course, the waiter brought two dishes of jelly, each with three thin slices of apple. This was as good as could be expected.

The bill for two, including two soft drinks, came to exactly IL58. The atmosphere was far from elegant, but the food was as good as that found in many eating places charging twice that price — and more. Here's hoping the Jerusalem Restaurant enjoys many more years of serving the masses. □

H.L.S.

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Foul play

THEATRE Mendel Kohansky

THE BEERSHEBA Theatre erred in producing Eran Baniel's *The Murder of Pierrot in the Real High School*, a play which has no business being shown on a professional stage. The title refers to the well-known highly respected school in Haifa. Like most first plays, this one is painfully autobiographical, which would be perfectly all right had the young author succeeded in sublimating his personal experience into the stuff of which drama is made.

All we learn from the play is what bothers Eran Baniel, and one cannot expect the audience to spend two-and-a-half hours in order to learn that.

The "monologue with the playwright" in the programme notes informs us that the central idea of the play is the failure of the educational system (what else is new?), which is geared to the imparting of knowledge but does not develop the pupils' capacity for independent thought. To get this idea across, Baniel introduces the character of Pierrot, the fool who is supposedly wiser than the serious people and constantly rocks the boat by asking questions which demonstrate the absurdity of conventional social behaviour. But what emerges instead is the story of a sensitive adolescent boy's confusion about his sexual identity.

Yoram Falk directed the play as if he didn't believe in it, which is easy to understand. The actors, both the youngsters who play the pupils, and veterans who play the parents, seem to be doing whatever they wish, without the hand of a director showing. Some of the scenes are confusing, and the set of the school interior is unpleasant in its unrelieved drabness. □

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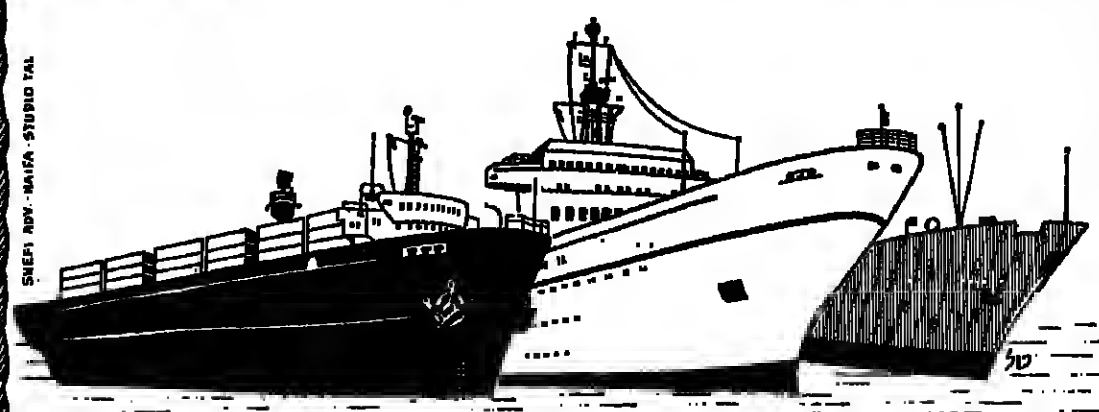
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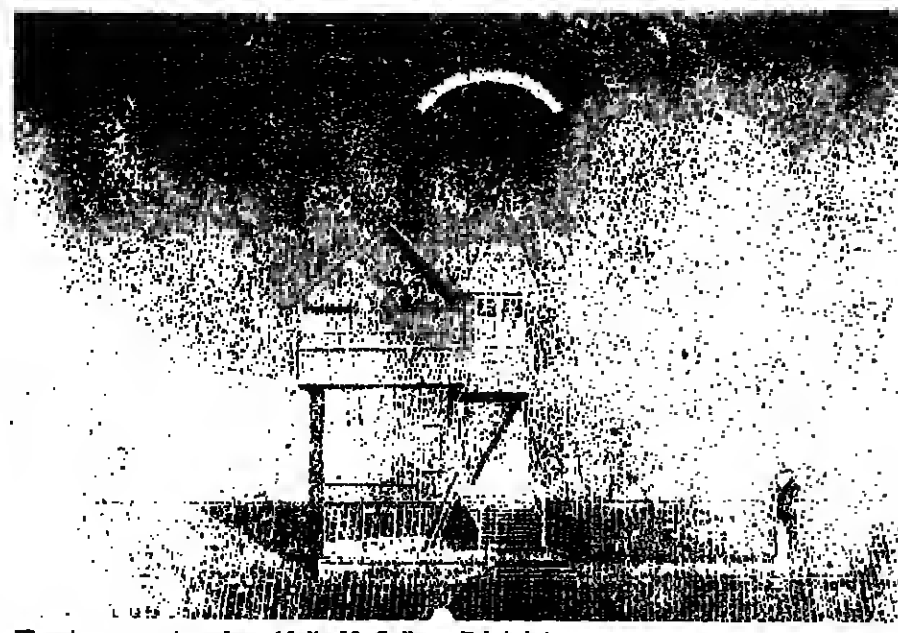
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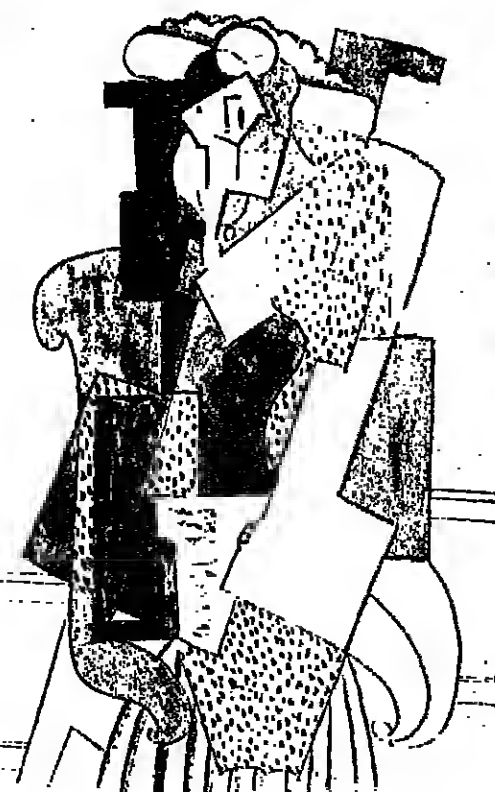
הגדל האל



Jankel Adler: pencil drawing (Rosenfeld Gallery, Tel Aviv).



Pieter Mondrian: watercolour (Julie M. Gallery, Tel Aviv).



Watercolour by Aviva Blum (1916) donated to the Israel Museum by Daniel and Mrs. Saldenberg, New York.

An Israel cornucopia

Meir Ronnen

THAT latter-day cornucopia, the Israel Museum, is again brimming with a tremendous variety of positively heady delights. This week saw the opening, in the Paley Design Pavilion, of an enormous didactic show devoted to De Stijl, the group of Dutch artists and architects who, between 1917 and 1931, left a lasting mark on abstract painting, architecture, typography and industrial design.

One of the highlights of the show is a series of marvellous paintings from the Hague, Stedelijk and Eindhoven museums by the group's spiritual mentor, Piet Mondrian, which he began even for the first time outside Holland. We hope to devote much of this page to De Stijl next week.

Down in the Museum's small but pleasantly intimate Cohen Print Gallery, there are over 40 works on paper which were recently acquired by, or donated to, the Museum. The range and quality of the watercolours, drawings and graphics is quite extraordinary, spanning as it does nearly four centuries and comprising drawings by early modern masters and some of today's big names, as well as nine Israelis of various persuasions. Even the East is represented, with a luscious Rajput watercolour. It almost seems as if the Museum went out of its way to approve a collection that would answer requests (and criticisms) from every quarter.

The show opens with fine Old Master tinted drawings by Jacopo Palma and Bellisario Corenzio; and the Utrecht maps of the Holy Land. The 18th century is represented by Louis Boffly and the almost naïf Catherine de Costa's amusing overbust, and the 19th century by Harpignies and Guillemin. Among the highlights of the show: a superb early pencil drawing of Nahum Sokolow by Marc Chagall; a 1913 brush drawing by Leger; a Picasso watercolour from the same period; etchings by Archipenko and Jasper Johns; a drawing (the Museum's first) by Wols and an early Twenties collage by dadaist pioneer Hanna Hoch. There is also a brilliant three-motif variation, a litho by Max Bill.

Among the other star-studded names: Dubuffet, Hundertwasser, Kuniyoshi, Nevelson, David Smith, Tilson, Magritte and

Mark Tobey.

The Israelis are easily led with excellent works by Michael Gross, Alime, Wolman and Michel Hadad, with Feingersh, Hirsch and Danziger following. The latter's early animal drawings are more cute than interesting. But the works by Bernheimer, Kroner and Arikha are out of place in this distinguished company. Arikha is a fine artist, but his watercolour of a tomato accepted here does him neither justice nor service.

RAFI MUNZ, a Haifa-born painter who graduated from the Bezalel some 18 years ago, is having his first show in Jerusalem next door to his alma mater. His canvases belong to American abstract expressionism but his works on paper lean to Aroch and the Israeli version of this movement. Munz has a good feeling for composition and, in later canvases, for colour: the recent one in the foyer is particularly well brought off, with a very painterly surface (Jerusalem Artists' House).

AVIVA BLUM reaches the abstract out of formalized still life and landscape, using the contours of areas to add bands of almost drawn colour, recalling both Munch and Bram van Velde. A certain sweetness of colour lets her down; van Velde, working in



Aviva Blum: etching (Jerusalem Artists' House).

the same scale, always avoids being sweet. Blum's technically skilled etchings are over-mechanical in contour, despite her gifted draughtsmanship; and the use of colour in them is merely arbitrary. But her work is altogether professional (Jerusalem Artists' House).

MARTIN WIENER'S black and white line drawings of Hollywood stars and their names are a very familiar shot at rendering over-to each uses the same formula and there is no attempt to catch the essentials of a particular character (U.S. Cultural Centre, Jerusalem). □

Song of the sea

Ephraim Harris

AHUYA SHERMAN'S oils are inspired by the sea. Her work is not easy to classify further; it has romantic affinities but does not reveal a horizon; it could be abstract, were it not that light is a self-contained motif. In sum, apart from some earlier realist port scenes, her paintings consist solely of light and often turbulent waves. From her most notable pictures, all in green and blue fading into the illuminated area, a good example of her stylistic plasticity is "Mighty Waters," where the curved, rhythmic swell, in a huge semi-circle, pushes the light aside. A second group of oils, chiefly in reddish brown, probably relates to her Ellat visits. (Maritime Museum, Haifa). Till May 9.

WALL CARPETS. Designed by well known Israeli artists for Maskit, apart from Reber of Switzerland, who presents the only complete abstract, in an American style. The artist-

designers have realized the need to unite the aesthetic with the functional requirements of interior decoration; another promising insistence on the aesthetic comes from Eliezer Castel's magnificent deep red carpet in his ancient Hebrew manner does not compromise either, because it combines the two factors.

Other notably successful designs hail from Agam, here stressing black and white; the late Yohanan Simon's conception akin to his last paintings, Schatz's geometrically formalized menors based on purple, and Y. Deyan's cool brown and grey, emphasizing a spatialism wider than any other.

Shimshi's imaginative seascape with birds would need a long wall to absorb its dimensions; equally imaginatively, Zartail builds a tree topped by birds in the foliage. Of Bourlia's two carpets on ancient Egyptian motifs (recalling the offer to tourists in that country, the tree design is the superior. Berger's familiar and naïve biblical suggestion is a very capable composition. (Goldman's Gallery, Haifa). Till April 28. □

design and earthy palette are so elementary that they approach pure Braque. I much prefer the gentle pencil drawings and ink sketches to the coarse oils (Rosenfeld Gallery, 147 Dizengoff, Tel Aviv).

LYNDA SANDHAUS is a graduate of the Bezalel Academy's Graphic Design department, where she studied drawing with Michael Eisenmann, as this, her first one-woman show, clearly indicates. On ochre tinted sheets of paper she harmonizes graphite, acrylics and Panda oils into non-formalized human form, scribbled and dusted, with acerbic swatches of pink, turquoise and flame orange, diagrammatic drawing and a synoptic "X" scratched or erased from applied colour. In addition to controlled balances and delicate tensions, there is also a great deal of sensuality; but as this young artist is still under the "influence," one must wait to see what she serves up next time (Gordon Gallery, 29 Gordon, Tel Aviv). □

The spectator's investment

Gil Goldfine

TEN YEARS ago, IRWIN FLEMINGER, together with Judd, Flavin, Lewitt, Morris and Boll, was busy attempting to establish minimal art as a serious contender for the "etymological" crown of contemporary aesthetics, a title placed in deep freeze when Pop was elvish.

Fleminger, a graduate of the Cooper Union Art School (NYC), also studied with Motherwell at Hunter College and was virtually raised in the bosom of abstract expressionism. His flirtation with minimalism, an imageless industrialized reference which he still admires, led him to chuck the system and search for alternate roots. He returned a very special brand of the figurative, one teeming with poetic images and metaphorical content.

His current show of large mixed media watercolours (collage and drawings) is full of magical pictorial combinations in which fact and fiction intertwine and overlap like in a Tolkien adventure. Nineteenth-century prints, especially Audubon, have been his his colour schemes and dramatic scenarios a great deal from the symbolists - Blake, Redon, Joseph Cornell, and even Steinberg.

Fleminger air-brushes darkly-toned stippled backdrops across the full surface of the page, creating illusions of vast space and an odyssey of signs, symbols, structures and ghostly people within these endless moonscapes. His sensitivity to proportion and colour and his realistic and schematic drawing make for extremely interesting viewing. However, if one were to examine

Fleminger's subjects with a literary looking-glass one would catch only a small part of the meaning. It is the kind of exhibit that provides mental and emotional rewards for the spectator in direct proportion to what he is willing to invest (Julie M. Gallery, 7 Gilkerson, Tel Aviv).

OIL PAINTINGS and drawings by the celebrated Jewish painter JANKEL ADLER (1895-1949) clearly state his tendency to clarify, define and monumentalise his subjects. Still lifes or portraits are handled in a similar fashion - they are reduced to basic shapes and put together again to conform to a preconceived compositional rhythm.

Generally, Adler draws with colour, his strength being the delineation of volumes rather than the painting of forms. In one particular canvas of synthetic outlet influence, the formal

The Weekend Dry Bones

PESSAH 5737... MORE THAN THIRTY-TWO CENTURIES AFTER WE CAME UP OUT OF EGYPT... SO HOW WOULD MOSES FARE TODAY, IF HE APPEARED ON THE SCENE IN, OH, LET'S SAY NEW YORK?

MOSES IN NEW YORK CITY



"MOSES"?!!
WAIT, I'LL UNLOCK THE DOOR.
ASK FOR IDENTIFICATION HARRY!
KLIK KLAUK

I'LL JUST SLIDE THE BOLT, LIFT THE BAR, PULL THIS...
HE LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THOSE MUSCUM NUTS TO ME!
RATTEE KLUNK

MOVE... TURN THE LATCH...
BE CAREFUL HARRY!
KLIK RATTLES SLIDE

I'VE COME TO BRING YOU HOME TO ISRAEL.

ARE YOU KIDDING?! IT'S DANGEROUS THERE!
LOCK THE DOOR HARRY!

I GAVE AT THE OFFICE.
WHAT ABOUT THE ISRAELIS WHO COME HERE???

IT'S TOO RELIGIOUS!
IT'S TOO SECULAR.

WHAT ABOUT THE SCANDALS?

HARRY KIRSHNER, HARRY KIRSHNER, HARRY KIRSHNER, HARRY KIRSHNER...
THE ONLY THING MISSING IS THE GOLDEN CALF.

WHEN THE KIDS FINISH SCHOOL.

WHEN THE KIDS FINISH COLLEGE.

AFTER THE KIDS ARE MARRIED.

LEAVE MY GRAND-CHILDREN?!

DON'T BE DEPRESSED OLD-TIMER, LEAVE THE JOB TO US! WE'RE THE PROFESSIONALS HERE, TAKE A BUTTON.

TAKE A FEW, WE'VE PRINTED THOUSANDS OF 'EM!!

DOBBIE the DOG

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?!

NEW YORK.

ISN'T THAT BAD!

OF COURSE AT A NEW YORK SEDER

BEFORE YOU OPEN THE DOOR FOR ELIJAH...

...YOU CHECK THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE TO MAKE SURE NO ONE'S THERE.

הגדה מן האל